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THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN AGREEMENT.

THE satisfaction which was caused by the meeting of the Congress, and the confidence reposed in the Government or in the Plenipotentiaries, were seriously disturbed by the publication of the Memorandum signed by Count SCHOUVALOFF and Lord SALISBURY. The culpable disclosure of a State secret has perhaps not received adequate censure. It is surprising that a journal of otherwise respectable character should allow its columns to be used by a foreign adversary for the purpose of embarrassing at a grave crisis the policy of a Government which it professedly supports. Factional prejudice may perhaps explain, though it cannot excuse, the circulation by an Opposition paper of spiteful gossip collected or invented by a Correspondent about supposed personal differences between the two representatives of England at Berlin. Any damage to the reputation of the Government would, in the estimation of some Liberal writers, be cheaply purchased at the cost of diminishing the influence of the Plenipotentiaries at the Congress. The unauthorized publication of the Memorandum was not merely surreptitious. The paper must have been communicated by one of the parties to the agreement, for the purpose of obtaining some real or supposed advantage; and it was scarcely necessary that the Duke of RICHMOND and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE should, on the part of the English Government, disclaim the publication. If the document tends to soothe the susceptibilities of Russian politicians, the result may so far not be a cause for regret; but it was probably also designed to excite distrust in England, and perhaps to embarrass the discussions in Congress. An English Correspondent who deserves by his Russian sympathies the confidence which is apparently reposed in him at St. Petersburg, had previously reported a supposed promise of Count SCHOUVALOFF that he would secure for his Government the kernel if he were allowed to sacrifice the shell. The Memorandum may well have been regarded as a redemption of his pledge; and the detailed stipulations of the agreement might be construed as an abandonment of the main English demand that the whole Treaty of San Stefano should be submitted to the Congress.

The disappointment which was caused in England by the publication of the agreement has perhaps led to an exaggeration of its importance. The Ministers in both Houses have expressly stated that the document is so far inaccurate that it is incomplete. It is not yet known whether their statement referred to any other engagement between England and Russia, or to preliminary arrangements which may have been made among other Powers. Enough is already known of the discussions at Berlin to prove that the regular deliberations of the Congress have not been anticipated or superseded. When the confidence of the English Government was first betrayed, great irritation was expressed in Vienna journals; but it now appears that they must have been misinformed. At Berlin the English and Austrian Plenipotentiaries are acting in a harmonious spirit which is in the highest degree creditable to the diplomacy of both Powers. Notwithstanding the obligation of secrecy, it seems certain that Lord BEACONSFIELD has proposed the withdrawal of the Russian army from Constantinople, and that his colleague has supported the claim of Greece to be heard on questions affecting the rights and interests of the Greek population. It will not be possible to judge of the policy of the English

Government until the entire history of the negotiation is at some future time disclosed. It may have been found indispensable to limit beforehand the points of difference between the Governments. Count SCHOUVALOFF may perhaps not have been authorized to agree to the English conditions of concurrence in the Congress until his Government was assured of the withdrawal of active opposition to some of the principal stipulations of the Treaty. It must also be remembered that, while most of the terms of the agreement are inserted at the instance of Russia, the concessions are not all on one side. The division of General IGNATIEFF'S Bulgaria into two provinces, to be constituted on different principles, would probably have been demanded by Austria; but it also meets one of the gravest objections to the Treaty which were urged in Lord SALISBURY'S despatch. It is not yet fully understood whether the transfer of a certain territory to Persia is an equivalent for the agreement of Russia to leave Bayazid and the commercial route in the possession of Turkey. Notwithstanding the apparent intention of the Treaty of San Stefano, the Emperor of RUSSIA formally declares that it had never been his design to commute for territorial acquisitions his pecuniary demand on the Porte. He also undertakes to respect the prior claim of the English Government on the Turkish revenues; but the words of the agreement seem to omit all security for the rights of private bondholders. It is possible that some financial operation may be devised which will enable the Turkish Government both to satisfy a part of the demands of Russia, and to secure to the creditors some portion of their property. It is for the interest of all parties to reopen to their debtor the money-market of Europe.

The clauses in the Memorandum which have chiefly caused irritation are those which bind England to neutrality on the questions of Bessarabia and Batoum. It is true that neither encroachment on the part of Russia largely affects English interests. It might even be plausibly contended that it is expedient to diminish the confidence of the former vassals of the SULTAN in their overbearing and ungrateful protector. Roumania, after an unprovoked attack on Turkey, has no special claim on the good offices of England, though it is flattering to any Power to be recognized as the champion of right and justice. Lord SALISBURY has been content to place on record the verbal protest of his Government against an iniquity to which it is nevertheless prepared to submit. The acquiescence of England in the proposed conquest of Batoum might be still more plausibly attributed to a desire to discredit a rival Power. The noisy and sentimental faction which did its utmost to render the late war unavoidable had contrived to persuade itself that the motives of Russia had, for the first time in history, suddenly become benevolent and disinterested. The Emperor ALEXANDER played into the hands of his English eulogists by voluntarily disclaiming all designs of conquest. It was his only mission to relieve the oppressed, and to assert the right of every population to freedom from foreign dominion. At Batoum there are no persecuted Christians, nor is there any section of the neighbouring population which desires to be included in the Russian dominions. Yet, for undisguised reasons of purely selfish ambition and cupidity, the Russian Government demands the cession of the port and the dominion of the surrounding territory. The Mahometan inhabitants are not believed to entertain any

warm attachment to the SULTAN, and it seems that they would gladly place themselves under the protection of England; but in this instance, as in the case of Bessarabia, it has not been deemed expedient to vindicate rights which have no direct bearing on the interests of England. It is to be regretted that a justifiable abstention from quixotic enterprise should have been recorded on the face of the Memorandum. The promise of Russia to extend her conquests in Asiatic Turkey no further is only valuable as an admission of the right of England to resist future aggressions. In a favourable contingency it would be as easy to renounce the latest obligation as to repudiate the part of the Treaty of Paris which prohibited the maintenance of a Russian fleet in the Black Sea.

But for mysterious hints in journals which may possibly have received confidential information, there is no reason to believe that the English Government meditates the assumption of a protectorate over the whole or any part of Asiatic Turkey. The Memorandum provides that the engagements into which the Porte may enter shall be contracted with England as well as with Russia, and it recites the supposed necessity which will devolve on the English Government of protecting Turkey against future hostilities. Both clauses of the agreement are vague and elastic; and they may be interpreted in different ways by future English Governments. It seems that the dangerous claim of Russia to protect Asiatic Christians is partially recognized by a demand of participation in the corresponding duties and rights. On careful examination of the whole agreement it will appear that no claim has been withdrawn which could have been properly asserted at the risk of war. The judgment which may be formed of the policy of the Government will be determined rather by the opportuneness than by the substance of the Memorandum. It may be that larger concessions might have been extracted from the fears and necessities of Russia. Every vigorous measure and every menace which has from time to time been adopted has been followed by a corresponding display of moderation on the part of Russia. Lord BEACONSFIELD has proved the soundness of his judgment as to the policy which tended most effectively to preserve the peace. It is not to be assumed that he has consented without strong reason to large concessions. The English Government might perhaps not have concluded the agreement if its publication could have been foreseen. It will be known hereafter whether the surreptitious issue of the document involved the breach of a formal undertaking or merely of a tacit understanding. The Congress will take warning by the proof which has been afforded that no reliance can be placed on the patriotism or discretion of journalists. It ought not to be impossible to secure absolute secrecy during the discussion. It may be hoped that the error committed at the Conference of leaving the Turks out of consideration in the settlement of Turkey will not be repeated by the Congress. The military position at Constantinople, the insurrection in the Balkans, and the crazy fright of the SULTAN may still derange diplomatic calculations.

EXTRADITION.

THE Royal Commission to which the subject of extradition and the consideration of the many difficult points to which it gives rise were referred, has issued a Report which incontestably has the merit of dealing exhaustively with the objects, the scope, and the procedure of extradition. This Report is the last stage in a process which has long been going on. It is the embodiment of a doctrine once repugnant to English thought, that the more effectually and speedily justice is done in the way of punishing persons guilty of breaking the laws which prevail in all civilized States the better. England formerly prided herself on being the asylum of refugees, and was very much disinclined to see any refugees deprived of the shelter she had to offer. It was only by slow degrees that the English Government, which had to deal practically with the question, and could not share the theoretical belief that the ordinary burglar or forger of the Continent who escaped to England was merely an unfortunate patriot, got power to surrender by a cumbersome process some of the worst criminals who came here. Not only was it supposed that we were abandoning the unlimited protection of all exiles, which was one of

our national boasts, but it was also taken for granted that, if we surrendered any one, we were conferring a favour on the country that asked for the surrender. Experience and modern facilities of communication have made these views seem antiquated now. Steam brings many rogues and ruffians to our shores; and experience has shown us that to welcome additions to our criminal classes is mere folly. Accordingly the Report of the Commission is based on the assumption that we want to get rid of all the criminals we can. It is we who are obliged by a foreign State asking for one of its rogues, and helping us to purify our population. When we have got so far, it is easy to see that there are only two serious questions to settle. The first is, whether we mean that all criminals who can be extradited at all should be surrendered to all countries, and the second is, what crimes are to be excepted from the list of the offences for committing which alleged criminals are to be handed over. The Commission has answered the second question in a way which may be said to dispose of it. All offences which are recognized by the English law as offences may be made the ground of extradition, except political offences and offences against local laws. This last expression is perhaps somewhat vague; but when the Report explains it by the examples of military and naval offences and offences against the police, it is easy to see what is meant. From political offences are, however, to be excepted crimes not committed during an open insurrection, but inspired by private malice, such as assassination, incendiarism, and the murder of policemen; and it may be presumed that conspiracies to commit these crimes would equally furnish a ground for extradition. This exception to the general rule that there is to be no extradition for political offences is founded on common sense. Occasionally, no doubt, the distinction between open and secret insurrection is one that it is difficult to draw; and there are some crimes committed in open insurrection that are as heinous as those committed in a secret insurrection. Almost all open insurrections begin by the murder of some soldier or policeman; and, if they are put down at once, it is puzzling to say whether the crime ought to be viewed in a different light because the attempt was altogether unsuccessful. The Communists, again, who burnt Paris and murdered the hostages, were in open insurrection; and so, according to the views of the Commission, those of them who escaped here ought not to have been surrendered. But open insurrection has certain limits of decency within which it ought to be conducted; and it may be doubted whether shelter ought to be given to criminals who, during an open insurrection, have been guilty of peculiarly atrocious acts. Practically, however, imaginary and extreme cases need not be considered, and, as a general rule, an asylum ought not to be granted to criminals who are guilty of isolated acts of wickedness like the attempted assassination of the German EMPEROR.

The other question, whether all criminals ought to be given up to all countries, is a more difficult one. Ought England to give up Englishmen to be tried abroad? The Commissioners answer this question unhesitatingly in the affirmative. They say that no Englishman will be surrendered unless good *prima facie* evidence for believing that he is guilty is tendered. If he has been guilty of an act against the law of the country in which he has chosen to reside, he ought to suffer the penalties attached to his acts by the law which he has broken. Nor do they admit that it should make any difference if the crime is much more severely punished by that law than by English law. This decision might perhaps seem open to some criticism, but practically it would not be easy to find an instance where a crime is punished more severely abroad than here, except in the instance of what are termed in the Report offences against those local laws for violating which no criminal is to be given up. But then it is said that an Englishman has at least a right to a fair trial, and that he cannot be sure of a fair trial out of England. The answer of the Commissioners is that all extradition proceeds on the assumption that it is made in the cause of justice, and that justice will be done wherever the trial may be. If the system of criminal procedure in any country is good enough for us to give up natives of that country to be tried under it, it is also good enough for Englishmen to be tried under it, if they have chosen to reside in the country, and have created a reasonable suspicion that they have broken its laws. It is obvious that, if the system of criminal procedure is tolerably fair, it is very much in the interests of justice

that the trial should take place where the alleged crime has been committed. The expense and difficulty of bringing over witnesses would be so enormous if the trial were held in England that Englishmen who had committed very serious crimes would often go altogether unpunished. But it is going very far to assume that all countries which might ask a criminal to be surrendered have a tolerably fair system of criminal procedure. In very many countries there is practically no possibility for a prisoner to get himself tried if the authorities like to keep him in prison while, as they say, they are collecting evidence. It may perhaps be granted that, even in countries like Peru or Spain, an Englishman, if brought to trial, would not be tried unfairly; for the trial of an Englishman who had been surrendered would attract much attention, and the tribunals would not like to disgrace themselves too publicly. But there is nothing to prevent an Englishman who had been surrendered being kept in prison waiting for trial so long that the authorities of the country to which he was surrendered really inflicted on him as much punishment before his trial as he ought to have undergone after he had been judged to be guilty. If, as the Commissioners recommend, Englishmen are in future to be surrendered, it might not be too much to ask that they should be tried within the time which would have been the limit of their suspense in England.

On a subordinate, but not unimportant, point there was a division of opinion among the Commissioners. It is of course quite understood that, if a criminal is surrendered for an extradition crime, he is not to be subsequently tried for a non-extradition crime. The Government asking for his surrender is not to use his apparent guilt in regard to an ordinary offence as a pretext for getting hold of him and really punishing him for a political offence. This rule would be of universal application, and the Commissioners are probably right in thinking that there is no fear lest a foreign nation, after formally agreeing with England not to use this subterfuge, should break its word and use it. But, as the dissentient member of the Commission, Mr. McCULLAGH TORRENS, urges, an astute foreign Government might award what would be virtually punishment for political offences in the following insidious and crafty manner. After it had got hold of a political enemy on account of an alleged extradition crime, such as that of forgery, and perhaps failed to get a conviction, it might invent charges of other extradition crimes, and keep on imprisoning and trying him all his natural life. The remedy which is adopted by our existing law is to require that he shall on each fresh charge be sent back to England, and only surrendered again after an English magistrate has ascertained that there is a reasonable presumption against him. The other Commissioners think that such a precaution is useless, because they accept and are prepared to carry out the principle that all foreign nations are to be presumed to do justice. Precautions against astute injustice are at once insulting and futile if all foreign nations are to be trusted to do right. Mr. TORRENS suggests that, if a Russian were surrendered for an extradition crime, he might, under a mere administrative order, be sent to live the rest of his life in Siberia. But this seems to be irrelevant. The Russian Government, if it got hold of a Russian subject for an extradition crime, might send him to Siberia without bringing any new charge; and it would be no protection to him that, if he was arrested on another charge, he must be sent to England to have the substantiality of the charge proved to the satisfaction of an English magistrate. The Commissioners may, however, have been induced by the suggestion of Mr. TORRENS to consider whether there were no exceptions to the rule that the criminal system in all countries is to be regarded as tolerably fair; and it shows that they were penetrated with a profound belief in the accuracy of this rule if Russia did not cause them to hesitate. Curiously enough, they in one instance think it necessary to provide a safeguard against the possible treachery of foreign Governments. It has struck them that a criminal might have come here so obscure and unknown that a foreign Government might get hold of him for an extradition crime and then punish him for a political offence, and no one know what had happened. The Government would, in short, violate the treaty, on the speculation of not being found out. They therefore provide a machinery by which a criminal may point out to a Secretary of State that he is a very

obscure person, and that there is a danger of his Government speculating in this way to his detriment; and after an inquiry had shown that there was some ground for his apprehension, the Secretary of State would still be at liberty to refuse to surrender him. The Commissioners themselves describe this remarkable suggestion as almost absurd, since no criminal would ever be able to prove his assertion, and no Secretary of State would use his power. But they think a provision of this sort would please the British public. The British public is no doubt far from wise, but it is scarcely foolish enough to take much delight in a suggestion which it is informed beforehand is only made to amuse it.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

THE annual debate on female suffrage in one respect reminds the curious reader of the reports of cricket matches. The side which is out, making less and less impression on the batting, incessantly changes its bowlers. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT'S speeches may perhaps have been thought wide of the mark, and Mr. FORSYTH seem to have bowled too slow. Strong-minded ladies probably resented his earnest disavowal of all sympathy with the ulterior claims of married women. They had indeed themselves, with true feminine ingenuity, hoped to delude Parliament into granting their nominal demand by affecting an exclusive concern for the rights of female ratepayers; but they remember all the time that women when they "enter 'on the profession of marriage'" seldom pay rates. If their Bill were passed, they would argue with passionate logic that it was absurd to exclude from a privilege granted to the less fortunate members of the sex all those who had attained professional success in the form of marriage. A wedding ring ought no more to constitute a disqualification for voting than a silk gown should prevent a barrister from holding a brief. Mr. FORSYTH is properly punished for his misapprehension of the real intentions of his clients. Mr. COURTNEY, who last year talked the Bill out, was rewarded by the office of talking it in. He took good care not to imitate Mr. FORSYTH'S unseasonable candour. The whole of his argument was employed in proving that women had equal rights and capacities with men; nor was it thought necessary to explain why a recognition of the high qualities of the sex should be confined to householders. Much nonsense has been talked in the course of the discussion about the exclusion of property held by women from representation. The only representation of property which has survived successive Reform Bills is the negative privilege of excluding from the constituency for the present a certain proportion of male adults, otherwise known as flesh and blood. Property is not at all represented by household suffrage in boroughs; and in counties the owner of thousands of acres has an equal voice with the occupier who pays a rent of 10*l*. The ladies who agitate for female suffrage, for the abolition of sanitary laws, and for other sentimental reforms, care nothing for suffrage founded on rating. Their mistake consists in the belief that they can effectually disguise the female politician in the householder's skin. Mr. COURTNEY, being less crafty than those from whom he received his instructions, proposed the true issue for the consideration of the House; and the debate on both sides was conducted with little regard to the transparent fiction of the Bill.

Speeches in Parliament ought, as a rule, to be grave and earnest; and, if the debate on female suffrage furnished an exception, the fault was in the subject rather than in the opponents of the measure. Most of the objections to the Bill are of a kind which cannot be always conveniently expressed. The social anomalies which might be produced by the innovation are only superficial indications of the true reasons for excluding women from political life. Mr. BERESFORD HOPE preferred the less probable alternative in an imaginary complication when he suggested that a Liberal young lady might, on the occasion of an election, quarrel with a Tory young gentleman to whom she had been engaged. In real life, if she was a right-minded and right-feeling young woman, she would throw her political principles to the wind and vote with her lover. It may be admitted that in either case the operation of Mr. COURTNEY'S Bill would be inconsistent either with moral fitness or with strict constitutional doctrine. The admission of female ratepayers to the

suffrage would perhaps in itself do comparatively little harm. It is said that they form a seventh of the whole body of householders; and they would not all vote wrong. The great majority would either decline to exercise their privilege or would be guided by the advice and example of their male relatives and friends. The strong-minded leaders and their less strong-minded disciples would support Radical measures in general, and with more peculiar zeal they would enter into every sentimental agitation. The Bulgarian massacres caused sufficient confusion without the intervention of a reinforcement of enthusiasts in hysterics. Bills for making drunkenness or breach of promise criminal offences, and crusades against unpopular applications of science or of experience, would become frequent and troublesome; but a fraction of a seventh of the whole constituency would do little mischief except perhaps by exposing women in general to unjust ridicule. If it is said that the innocuous removal of a disqualification may be reasonably demanded, the answer is that political morality forbids doing evil that harm, however small, may come of it.

It is but idle affectation to talk about the claims of women who pay rates. A woman is not wiser or better because she has the misfortune of not having a father or a husband to live with. The concession of a municipal vote was made accidentally or carelessly. On one occasion Mr. BRIGHT asserted that the new practice had in some instances produced grave scandals; but in modern times it is difficult to reimpose any disability which has been once removed. If agitators insist on perfect consistency and symmetry, the object would be as fully attained by withdrawing the right of voting for town councillors as by granting the right of voting for members of Parliament. The innovation can assuredly have no force as a precedent. The admission of women to the right both of voting for members of School Boards and of sitting at the Board was more deliberately established; and there were plausible reasons for the relaxation of the general rule of exclusion. Women have the largest share in elementary education; and they must be supposed to be especially capable of understanding the wants and management of girls. Nothing can be more unjust than the charge that satirists of female political activity are wanting in respect for women. There are many departments of human activity which belong exclusively to women; and in some other matters both sexes are equally interested and equally capable. Women are not likely to form the majority on any School Board; and in some respects they may probably supply defects of knowledge in their male colleagues. The experiment has not yet been fully tried; but it thus far promises well. Even if it were successful, it would furnish no precedent for the interference of women in a province with which they have not a legitimate concern. Vague generalities about the injustice of excluding from civic rights more than half the human race may be passed over without serious examination. It is doubtful whether either men or women have an indefeasible right to misgovern their fellow-creatures. In a certain sense all human beings have a natural right to exercise their faculties in congenial forms of activity; but the proposition that morally and intellectually men and women are both equal and similar is a preposterous paradox.

Mr. COURTNEY in one part of his speech imprudently defended the claim of women to sit on juries. No better illustration could be given of the absurd consequences which follow from an assertion of the equality of women and men. The practice was temporarily adopted in some of those Western American States which have succeeded the old Greek settlements on the shores of the Mediterranean in the useful function of trying all sorts of political experiments for the benefit of the rest of the world. It was found, as might have been expected, that female verdicts were determined by compassion, indignation, previous knowledge of the parties, and generally by every other motive cause except the weight of evidence. It is said that wherever the innovation was introduced, it has been abandoned after a longer or shorter trial. All the dogmatic statements which are propounded once a year in the House of Commons, and once a week in the *Woman's Suffrage Journal*, fail to produce the slightest impression on those who, having lived some years in the world, have not wholly neglected to use their eyes, their ears, and their understanding. The high qualities which belong to women can only be fully enumerated in the pages of a novel. In

the number is not included a dispassionate appreciation of remote consequences, or a preference of principles to persons. The reaction of public activity on private character is not less worthy of consideration than the proposed deterioration of the constituencies by the inclusion of women. On the whole, men who possess a certain amount of cultivation are perhaps, as a general rule, the better for taking an active interest in politics; and women are almost always the worse. The proposition cannot perhaps be proved; but the latter part of it, at least, will be confirmed by the general judgment. There is no reason why intelligent women should not occupy their minds to a reasonable extent with public affairs; but they impair their proper influence when they become intolerant partisans. Household polemics are sufficiently animated without the introduction of an additional subject of domestic debate. The division of Wednesday last proves that the cause of female suffrage is for the present hopeless. A hundred and forty members probably represent the full strength of the agitation, while the 219 opponents might, in case of need, be reinforced by an equal number. The energies of the leaders of the movement may for the time be more hopefully employed in the laudable task of improving female education.

THE DEATH OF MR. OGLE.

THE papers which have now been published relating to the death of Mr. OGLE, the Correspondent of the *Times*, leave in doubt the story of his real fate. The Turks say that he was shot in fair fight while combating on the side of the insurgents. Those who think the Turks are telling an untruth maintain that he was murdered in cold blood by the Turkish authorities, to whom he had given offence by injudicious remarks on their proceedings. Under pressure from the English Government, the Turks consented to an inquiry being made; and Mr. FAWCETT, the English Consul at Constantinople, conducted it as well as he was able. He could not get any witnesses to come forward. No one in the country dared to give evidence against the Turks. He was asked whether the English Government would guarantee against harm any who might come forward, and he had to reply that he was not authorized to promise anything of the kind. But he gave those who might be willing to give evidence his personal assurance that they should be held harmless. Still none came forward, and it is difficult to see how the personal assurance of a Consul could have offered any encouragement to terrified natives. If they had given evidence and been persecuted for giving it, all that Mr. FAWCETT could have done would have been to write from Constantinople to them and express his deep regret. He had accordingly to use his own eyes in examining the localities, and trust to his own common sense in coming to a conclusion. After examining such facts as he had to guide him, he came to the conclusion that Mr. OGLE was killed in fair fight, but that his body was barbarously mutilated either before or immediately after death. He also established to his satisfaction that Mr. OGLE had been very indiscreet and had given serious provocation to the Turkish authorities. It is not, however, obvious what this has got to do with the fact of his death, if it is once assumed that he fell in fair fight. It cannot be supposed that the indiscretions of Mr. OGLE are needed to supply a sort of justification for the mutilation of his remains. The Turks do not want any justification for following their ordinary practice. They always mutilate the remains of their enemies when the fancy serves them to do so. It is quite unnecessary to suppose that the soldiers who found Mr. OGLE's body had any special command to mutilate it. They saw a corpse or the body of a dying man, which was evidently that of a foreigner and a superior person, and nothing could be more natural to savages than to cut off the head, and carry it about in triumph.

Makrinitza, the village near which Mr. OGLE's body was found, is situated on a shoulder of Mount Pelion, above the town of Volo. On the 28th of March firing was heard about Makrinitza, and although the Correspondents of other English journals were content to stay in safety at Volo, Mr. OGLE at once left the town, and went up to the village. On that day the insurgents were driven from their position below Makrinitza, and retreated to higher ground. During the night the Turkish troops turned the position, and attacked it on the morning of Friday, the

29th. The combat was severe, and lasted five or six hours, during which time Mr. OGLE was in the insurgent ranks, but, as Mr. FAWCETT thinks, not himself using arms. Once more the insurgents retreated, and tried to defend themselves, but at last they broke, and hurried down the steep mountain side. The Turks pursued, shooting at their flying enemies, and despatching them with the bayonet when they could come to close quarters with them. On this line of descent Mr. OGLE's body was found. It was confidently stated that Mr. OGLE had been seen alive on Saturday morning, and the places where he was supposed to have passed the night were specified; and the allegation against the Turks was that he was caught on Saturday morning, and then shot by order of the authorities. Mr. FAWCETT convinced himself that Mr. OGLE had never been seen alive after the Friday, and that the origin of the story that he had survived the encounter of Friday was due to the fact of a man named SOUTA, a young Swiss who was fighting for the insurgents, being mistaken for him. If, again, he had been shot on the Saturday morning at the place where the authorities were, they must be supposed to have ordered him or his body to be taken far away up an almost inaccessible ravine; and Mr. FAWCETT justly considers this to be most improbable. If they had shot him, and were careless as to the consequences, they never would have gone through the trouble of conducting him up a steep hill-side. If they had shot him, and, through terror of the English name, had wished his fate to remain a secret, they could have easily concealed his body. We do not see any reason why Mr. OGLE's friends should hesitate to accept Mr. FAWCETT's conclusion. His body was found exactly where it would have been found if he had been overtaken when sharing the flight of his insurgent friends. His body was not found where, if he had been killed in cold blood, it might have been expected to be found. The most sensible and natural supposition is that he fell where his body was found, and that he came to his end in the manner which the locality where his body lay would indicate.

Much interest has been excited by Mr. OGLE's death, partly because it seemed to reveal a new Turkish atrocity, and partly because Mr. OGLE was a newspaper Correspondent, and represented a powerful journal. The Greeks, too, made a hero of him, and gave his remains the honour of a State funeral—perhaps out of gratitude for the sympathy which Mr. OGLE had bestowed on the Greek insurgents, and partly, perhaps, from a wish to cement their alliance with England. Without any desire to speak too critically of a man who died in what he thought a good cause, and who seems to have been deservedly beloved by his friends, it is impossible to overlook the fact that there is much confusion in many minds, and that there appears to have been considerable confusion in Mr. OGLE's mind, as to the position and duties of a newspaper Correspondent. The sole office of a newspaper Correspondent is to get news. As combatants in these days do not like to seem to shrink from publicity being given to what they have done, provided that the intelligence does not hamper them in what they are going to do, Correspondents are allowed to follow armies and to relate events. But they do so always as neutrals whose only concern is to collect facts. They are not to be either enemies or active friends. If they choose a side, they cease to deserve the protection which is accorded them on the understanding that they do not choose a side. If, when present at military operations in a post where the army which they accompany allows them to be, they happen to be killed, they have merely run a risk incident to their peculiar profession. If they needlessly thrust themselves into danger and are killed, their death is due not to the risks of the profession they have chosen, but to their ignorance of how to follow their profession properly. Mr. OGLE seems to have courted unnecessary risk if his actions are viewed merely by the standard of a newspaper Correspondent, and so far he is to be blamed rather than admired. But then he was not content with the position of a mere Correspondent. He wished to unite the incompatible character of a newspaper Correspondent and an active friend of one side. While in the town he was a mere inquirer after truth, and thought himself at liberty to tell the Turks the truths he had discovered about them; and then he passed into the insurgent camp and encouraged and aided the insurgents to the utmost of his power. This was not only imprudent, it was wrong. The Turks were to respect him as a neutral inquirer after truth, and the Greeks were to have the benefit of his sympathies

and counsels. Mr. FAWCETT goes so far as to say that in any other country he would have been treated as a spy, arrested, and possibly shot. This may be rather strong language, but it is no great exaggeration of the truth. It must always be remembered that we may some day be at war, and that our commanders will feel how great a nuisance newspaper Correspondents may be, unless their claims to protection and to be allowed to collect information are rigidly defined. It cannot be imagined that we should tolerate a German who came into our lines, saw everything, abused our leaders, and then passed over to the Russians, gave them encouragement, identified himself with them, and accompanied a Russian regiment told off for a forlorn hope. To the Turks it could make little difference if an extra atrocity had been brought home to them. They are cruel barbarians in time of war, although with many excellent qualities in time of peace; and very much the same may be said of their local Christian antagonists. But, even if Mr. OGLE had been shot by them as a military punishment and not in the heat of fight, it cannot be said that in this particular instance they would have been altogether without justification. They would have been much too afraid of England both to do this and to own to having done it; but it must be acknowledged that a newspaper Correspondent who had behaved in Alsace in 1870 as Mr. OGLE behaved this year in Thessaly, and had been caught and then let off by a Prussian captain, would have deservedly been thought among the most fortunate of men.

DISESTABLISHMENT IN SCOTLAND.

MR. HOLMS'S proposal to appoint a Select Committee of the House of Commons to ascertain how far the people of Scotland are in favour of maintaining the connexion between Church and State in that country would be extremely amusing if it were not exceedingly foolish. A more wanton attempt to disturb an existing order of things can hardly be imagined. Whether the people of Scotland are in favour of maintaining the connexion between Church and State is a matter with which the House of Commons is not concerned. The only point that can be of any real moment is whether the people of Scotland are in favour of putting an end to the connexion between Church and State; and whenever they are so, they will be perfectly well able to make their desires known to the Legislature without the aid of a Select Committee. According to the statistics quoted by Mr. HOLMS, the Free Church and the United Presbyterians possess between them more places of worship and a very much larger number of attendants than are possessed by the Established Church. This does not prove that a majority of the people of Scotland are hostile, or even indifferent, to the continuance of the Established Church, since political Presbyterianism has always been strongly represented among them. But it certainly proves that there is a minority not belonging to the Established Church which is quite strong enough to make itself heard whenever it feels sufficiently interested in the question to raise its voice. The principles which affect the stability of an Established Church are perfectly well known. Parliament no longer asks about the truth or falsehood of the doctrines professed; but it is interested in knowing whether the majority of the electors desire to see the religious body which professes those doctrines connected with or dissociated from the State. Mr. HOLMS accepts this view of the attitude of Parliament; but he wishes to see Parliament itself undertake an investigation having the determination of this point for its object. If it is right for Parliament to take the initiative in a matter of this kind, there seems to be no reason why it should not extend its inquiries a good deal further. The social and political changes of the last fifty years have very much altered the position of the House of Lords. Why should not a Select Committee be appointed to ascertain how far the people of England are in favour of maintaining an hereditary peerage? The prerogatives of the Crown have been insensibly curtailed, until GEORGE III. would scarcely know himself for a King if he were now to reappear at Windsor. Does not this suggest an inquiry into the sentiments of the people of the three kingdoms towards the monarchy? Mr. HOLMS will not do himself justice if he singles out a particular institution for unprovoked assault.

The manly and straightforward course would be to carry his attack along the whole line. If the action of Parliament were determined by no higher motive than a desire to kill time pleasantly, Mr. HOLMS would probably get his Committee. The contradictory character of the evidence brought forward, and the hopeless bewilderment of the Chairman when the time came for composing a draft report, would give more cause for amusement than the proceedings of the House of Commons usually afford. Mr. HOLMS may be thankful that there is no chance of any such task being laid upon him.

It was pointed out by Mr. GLADSTONE that, if the people of Scotland had any decided opinion against the maintenance of the Established Church, they are already provided with organs capable of making that opinion known. "They have the power of meeting, the power of petitioning, and the power of the franchise." Mr. GLADSTONE rightly holds this to be a valid argument against instituting a Parliamentary inquiry into their opinions on the subject; but he does not seem to see that it is equally valid against making a fishing speech in the same direction. In complaining that it is difficult to collect the precise grounds on which the Conservative party are prepared to assert the necessity of maintaining a Church Establishment in Scotland, he puts the cart before the horse. Is he any better able to collect the precise grounds on which the Liberal party are prepared to assert the necessity of overthrowing the Church Establishment in Scotland? The least that can be claimed on behalf of an institution in possession is that it should be attacked before it is defended. The debate on Tuesday raised the question of disestablishment in Scotland in what Mr. GLADSTONE acknowledged to be an irregular and inconvenient manner; yet, though he disapproved of Mr. HOLMS's motion, and declined to bear any part in the aggression which it veiled, he found fault with the opponents of the motion because they did not present a complete and logical defence to it. When a man is not bound to give an answer at all, it is not fair to bear hardly upon him because he gives an imperfect answer. It is no one's business to defend the Scotch Establishment till it is properly challenged, and on Mr. GLADSTONE's own showing no proper challenge has been given. Down to 1874, he says, there was an acquiescence by a very large majority of Scotchmen in the existence of the Established Church, and even now it is not a burning question. He adds, it is true, that since 1874 the other Presbyterian Churches hold that the question has been effectually opened by the Patronage Act, and that they now say that the Established Church ought not to continue in possession of the national property. But they have not said so through any of the organs with which the Constitution has provided them. Free Church men and United Presbyterians have, in common with all other Scotchmen, the power of meeting, the power of petition, and the power of the franchise. It will be time enough to consider the extent of the alleged dissatisfaction at the possession of the national property by the Established Church when those who dispute that possession have used the powers they enjoy.

The argument founded on the supposed failure of the Patronage Act is not very pertinent to the question at issue. The authors of that measure probably thought that it might exert a healing influence on the internal dissensions of Presbyterians, and in this anticipation they seem as yet to have been disappointed. Those who left the Established Church because they could not conscientiously accept the system of patronage as it then was have only been irritated by observing that the slaves whom they left behind them are now as free as they. So long as to be a member of the Established Church implied a degrading acceptance of Erastian fetters, there was some satisfaction in remembering that they had voluntarily emancipated themselves. Now that these fetters have been struck off by the hands which imposed them, the nonconforming Presbyterians see the solitary advantage of their position withdrawn from them by the gratuitous promotion of the members of the Established Church to a position which they have only gained at a serious sacrifice. But the reunion of the Scotch Presbyterians was not the primary object of the Patronage Act. Thirty years had brought a conviction that in forcing on the secession of 1843 the Government of the day had been guilty of a great blunder; and, whether the consequences of that blunder could or could not be undone, there was no need to keep alive the record that it had been committed. The State had gained nothing by maintaining the system of lay patronage, while the Church had lost a

large section of its most energetic members. Even if the abolition of patronage did nothing to bring back the seceders, it might at least prevent them from becoming more numerous. If the parents were not conciliated, their children might be; and a gradual reunion spread over a long course of years might in time be as efficacious as an immediate and conspicuous reconciliation. Whether the Patronage Act would not have been advantageously preceded by informal negotiations with the Free Church and the United Presbyterians is another question. The obstacle probably lay in the unwillingness of the Established Church to do anything which implied a confession that it was wrong to yield to the demands of the State in 1843, or that those who had preferred secession to submission had not been guilty of any ecclesiastical offence. But, if the passing of the Patronage Act did nothing to avert disestablishment, it created no additional argument in favour of it. There is no reason to blame the Government because what was in itself a useful reform failed from circumstances to have any results except that which immediately flowed from it.

MR. ROEBUCK AT SHEFFIELD.

MR. ROEBUCK relied with good reason on his popularity among his supporters at Sheffield, though it will not be known until a general election occurs whether they still form a local majority. The mental vigour which has survived bodily strength and activity is not the less keenly appreciated in consequence of the personal affront which was lately offered to Mr. ROEBUCK by a zealous Liberal member in the House of Commons. The present condition of public affairs is not unfavourable to a veteran politician who has at all times been consistent in his devotion to the honour and greatness of his country. Lord BEACONSFIELD, whom Mr. ROEBUCK warmly praised, has reversed the foreign policy of his predecessor, not so much in practical measures or in details as in spirit and tendency. Mr. GLADSTONE never troubled himself while he was in office with the grievances of oppressed Christians in the East; but it was known that, in Europe or America, he was ready to make almost any sacrifice for the maintenance of peace. The object is one of the highest which can be proposed to himself by any statesman; but voluntary humiliation and avowed timidity are not always the best methods of insuring safety. Lord BEACONSFIELD, who is perhaps not less devoted to the cause of peace, has sought to attain his end by the opposite method of exhibiting readiness for war. It may be hoped, notwithstanding recent disclosures, that an honourable peace may yet result from conduct which Mr. GLADSTONE has opposed and thwarted to the utmost of his power, and which Mr. ROEBUCK has heartily supported. Those who attended the meeting at Sheffield felt a proper pride in the consciousness that the Government has held high the flag which had long been trailing in the dust. A spirited policy is often the most prudent, but it attracts popular admiration because it is bold, and not because it is safe. A Minister who has the art of evoking patriotic feeling adds, without loss or cost, to the national strength. Mr. ROEBUCK has never encouraged an English Government to prostrate itself at the feet of foreign Powers. His audience were perhaps more immediately interested in his opposition to Russian designs than in his conscientious defence of his own consistency. The history of the years which followed the Reform Bill is fresh in Mr. ROEBUCK's recollection, but it is only vaguely known to the present generation of the Sheffield electors. Those who remember or who have studied the political events of a bygone time are better able to appreciate Mr. ROEBUCK's apology.

When Mr. ROEBUCK entered Parliament more than five-and-forty years ago, the whole Liberal party was bent on great legislative changes, which to the new comer appeared to be not sufficiently comprehensive or rapid. Mr. MANNERS SUTTON, then Speaker, singled Mr. ROEBUCK out as the most promising candidate for Parliamentary distinction of those who owed their seats to the Reform Bill; but for a time he formed one of a small section which was far in advance of the great body of Whigs. It was natural that he should support the abolition of slavery, the Municipal Reform Bill, and the abortive Appropriation clauses which were proposed and ultimately abandoned by Lord JOHN RUSSELL; but the measures of Lord MELBOURNE's Ministry seemed tame and feeble to the

little band of which Mr. ROEBUCK was the most conspicuous member. He was ready to abolish the House of Lords and to disestablish the Church, and he would have anticipated by a generation the questionable practice of secret voting. Many of the principles which he then defended have since been sanctioned by legislation; and age in a majority of cases imperceptibly alters the temperament, and therefore the opinions, of reformers. Of Mr. ROEBUCK's early political associates Mr. MILL alone discarded from time to time, not his extreme opinions, but the limitations by which they had once been restrained. Mr. ROEBUCK, like Mr. GROTE, never shared Mr. MILL's inclination to Socialism, which now largely affects political tendencies. If the consulship of MELBOURNE could be recalled, Mr. ROEBUCK, were he still warm with political youth, would probably now, as then, value past triumphs chiefly for the opportunities which they might afford for further conquests. At his present age he not less logically contends that the attainment of almost everything which his party formerly proposed ought to produce satisfaction, and that it justifies repose. A still more eminent orator and politician, who becomes daily more revolutionary as he grows older, offers a more complicated puzzle to students of politics and of character.

It is to be regretted that in his earlier years Mr. ROEBUCK had no experience of office. It is scarcely possible that he can have passed through his long career without offers of place, which may perhaps have been rejected as not adequate to his pretensions. His intimate connexion with Lord BROUGHAM may probably have rendered his alliance distasteful to the Whigs, who might otherwise in his case, as in that of his early political allies, have overlooked occasional hostility for the sake of obtaining a useful colleague. The party might have avoided much occasional annoyance if it had succeeded in enlisting Mr. ROEBUCK among its regular followers. The most remarkable of his Parliamentary exploits was of doubtful expediency. Deeply impressed with the disasters of the English army in the Crimea, and entertaining unfounded suspicions as to the origin of the evil, Mr. ROEBUCK broke up Lord ABERDEEN's Government by his motion for an inquiry, at the end of 1854. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, who had for some time sought for an opportunity of breaking with his colleagues, at once denounced the Duke of NEWCASTLE's administration of the War Office, and resigned, in the hope of immediately returning to office as Prime Minister. Lord ABERDEEN and the Duke of NEWCASTLE were compelled to follow his example; and the first seceder was disappointed by the accession of a more formidable rival than either in the person of Lord PALMERSTON. A few weeks afterwards, on Mr. ROEBUCK's refusal to withdraw his motion, Sir JAMES GRAHAM, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT retired from the Government, and immediately commenced an active opposition. The investigation led to no practical results; and perhaps Mr. ROEBUCK was disappointed by finding that he had only effected a change of Ministry without producing administrative improvement.

At the general election of 1868 Mr. GLADSTONE's adherents succeeded in removing Mr. ROEBUCK from the representation of Sheffield. Their leader had habitually resented mutiny among the Liberals more bitterly than even direct opposition; and Mr. ROEBUCK, though he had voted for almost all Liberal measures, was by no means safe or docile. He may probably have felt deeply the interruption of his Parliamentary habits and political activity; and he cannot but have been conscious that his return by his old constituency in 1874 was the consequence of a reaction. The Conservatives, who may perhaps not have been strong enough to have returned one of themselves, gladly supported an independent candidate who might be trusted not to place his services at the disposal of the retiring Minister. The new Parliament when it was elected little foresaw the subjects with which it would have to deal. Almost all classes in the kingdom desired a respite from legislative worry; and even Liberal members welcomed the novelty of Ministers who would give civil answers to proper questions. The unexpected prominence of foreign policy has given Mr. ROEBUCK congenial occupation. Except for the supposed necessity of opposing the Government, there was no reason why the Liberal party should encourage Russian despotism or break with the traditions of English policy in the East. Mr. ROEBUCK, though he had often opposed Lord PALMERSTON, had on the whole agreed with his foreign policy; and he was not

of a disposition to be converted by the irrelevant casualty of the Bulgarian insurrection and of the consequent outrages. It is not uncommon for a man to retain in later years habits of thought which are no longer familiar to those around him; but he seldom finds himself, like NESTOR, a leader of a second or third generation. Mr. ROEBUCK may perhaps have felt discontent or indignation at the easy diplomatic success of Russia in 1871, and at the humiliating treaty and arbitration which bought off the irritation of the United States. He is unusually fortunate in seeing the unexpected revival of a general and zealous regard for the honour and greatness of England. The sudden outburst of public feeling in the early part of the present year was perhaps not so much a reaction as a political self-assertion on the part of a class which had taken little part in the clamour excited by the Bulgarian outrages. The multitude which could not endure the insolent predominance of Russia in Europe was less capricious than the section of the Liberal party with which Mr. ROEBUCK had found himself at variance. It is well that he should be rewarded by popular sympathy and approval for his courageous independence.

FRANCE.

THE happiness of the nation that has no history is not one which Frenchmen are likely to estimate very highly. That is not a part which they have been accustomed to play, or which they feel themselves fitted for playing. Under the Second Empire, indeed, they were forced to be content with it as regards domestic matters. For twenty years the most eventful incident in their annals was a journey of the EMPEROR, the opening of a bridge, or the turning the first sod of a railway. But during all that time they were feasted to their heart's content with foreign activity. Even those of them who disliked NAPOLEON III. could not but feel proud that the word of a French sovereign should be law to Europe. Whatever else French history might be during this long period, it was not uneventful. The German war and the fall of the BONAPARTES excluded France from all participation in European affairs. It is to the credit of the Cabinets which have succeeded one another since that time that they have alike recognized this change, and seen that the only road to recovery lay through self-effacement. But, to make up for this, there was till lately abundance of excitement at home. From the beginning of 1871 to the end of 1877 there was not a single dull year. What M. THIERS would do, and what the National Assembly would do to M. THIERS; whether another President could be found to take his place, and, if so, who that President would be; whether Marshal MACMAHON meant to be a genuinely Republican ruler, or simply a warming-pan for the Count of CHAMBORD; whether the Duke of BROGLIE would rather help to bring back the BONAPARTES than see the principle of monarchy altogether abandoned; whether the Right had a strong enough hold upon the MARSHAL to make him risk a revolution in preference to banishing them permanently from his councils, are but samples of the theses which for seven years formed the ordinary food of French speculation. What has there been to take their place during 1878? Since the 13th of December of last year not a single new date has asserted its claim to recognition. It is not wonderful that, coming on the heels of a year which was graced by a 16th of May, a 14th of October, and a 13th of December, this chronological level should seem intolerably tame. To be sure there is the Exhibition, but man cannot live by exhibitions alone; he must have something to give him an interest in life beyond miles of stalls or acres of machinery in motion. The contrast of what is going on in Paris with what is going on in Berlin cannot but be bitter to a nation which remembers where the treaty was signed which the Plenipotentiaries are now met to replace.

If the want of political excitement is trying to Frenchmen generally, it must be especially trying to reactionary Frenchmen. The Republicans can at least cheer themselves with the reflection that time makes for the Republic. Every year that passes and sees it the accepted Government of the nation does something to consolidate and strengthen it. The suspicion which has always attached to the Republic in France is that it does not know how to be quiet, and that, as soon as it finds no more enemies to destroy, it takes to self-destruction. Such a period of tranquillity as that which France is now enjoying is excellently fitted to

reassure the country upon this point. When the Exhibition was first talked of, it is probable that few Frenchmen had any strong belief that it would be held under a Republican Government. The fact that, after all the dangers to which the country has since been exposed, the Republic should still be in existence, and occupying a position of greater and more assured strength than at any former time, is likely in itself to impress the national imagination, and especially the imagination of the most sober and practical part of the community. If Republicans think the present state of things dull, the dullness is at all events due to the completeness with which they have got their own way; and it is further alleviated by the consideration that it commends the Republic to the non-political section of their countrymen—the section which until lately they have found the most difficult to conciliate. But the reactionary party have no such cause for satisfaction. The more unruffled the surface of affairs is, the less promising do their prospects appear. When the Republic was first established, they could find comfort in believing that, if they did not succeed in upsetting it, it would very soon upset itself. In those days they thought that they had only to make their choice between giving battle to the enemy and seeing his forces waste away in inaction. Both methods were equally certain; the question was which was the quicker and more agreeable. Now the chance that the Republic will be its own executioner seems daily growing more remote. It has been given abundance of rope, but it has not made the expected use of it. The political calm consequently is no longer a calm before the storm. So long as it was possible, they tried to persuade themselves that it was so; but, as months pass and nothing happens, it becomes evident that the Republic has not that instinct for self-destruction with which it has been credited; and that, if it is to be overturned, it must be by some designed action on the part of its adversaries.

The existence of this feeling on the part of the reactionary party is perhaps the explanation of the curious rumours which have lately been in circulation with regard to Marshal MACMAHON and his Ministers. After all, broken reed though he be, the MARSHAL is the only chance that the Monarchical parties have left. The Count of CHAMBORD might come riding into Paris on his white charger, with no result beyond that of being politely escorted over the frontier, together with a few of his most ardent supporters. Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON might land at Boulogne; but he would inevitably have to return by the next steamer. The means of getting up a civil war are not extinct in France; but they can no longer be called into action at the bidding either of Royalists or Imperialists. Either faction, if it counts to win, must ally itself with the existing Executive, and get leave to use the power of that Executive for its own purposes. This is so well known now that even the manufacturers of rumours have to take account of it. If a Conservative newspaper were to predict that before the Exhibition had closed France would be a Monarchy or an Empire, it would not be believed even by its subscribers. Frenchmen know too well of what stuff dangerous men are made to be tempted to recognize one in either of the present pretenders. But when the *Défense Sociale et Religieuse*, the organ of Mgr. DUPANLOUP, says with exultation that the attempt of the 16th of May will soon be repeated, the prophecy, improbable as it is, seems at least capable of fulfilment. Consequently there has been of late quite a flutter alike among Republicans and Conservatives as to the degree in which these rumours are well founded. The MARSHAL retains the power of dismissing his Ministers. Is it possible or conceivable that he will again venture to make use of it? With nothing else political to occupy their time, this is really a fertile theme for speculation. There is very much to make such a contingency improbable, but there are some things also which make it wise not absolutely to exclude it from contemplation. It is true the MARSHAL would have to defy the Chamber under far less hopeful conditions than those under which he made the attempt of May last year. The machinery of administration has been put out of gear by recent legislation; and as the Chamber of Deputies would never consent to repeal the laws recently passed to regulate the circulation of pamphlets and the proclamation of a state of siege, a reactionary Ministry would have to conduct at least one general election without the aid of these weapons. The impossibility of getting the Budget voted, and the difficulty of raising supplies without its being voted, would be

as complete as they were six months ago. On the other hand, it is never safe to assume that desperate men will be governed by the ordinary calculations of prudence; and amongst the former friends of the MARSHAL a large number of desperate men must be included. Heavy as the odds against success are, they would probably be ready to begin the struggle of last year again if only they could make the MARSHAL their accomplice. Thus, tranquil as everything in France seems, the continuance of tranquillity depends on the disposition of one man; and, so long as this is the case, there will always be room for a recurrence of uneasiness.

THE STRIKE AND LOCK-OUT.

THE lock-out in North and North-East Lancashire was terminated—or perhaps it would be more correct to say was suspended—on Monday last, and on Wednesday the mills were thrown open to such of the workpeople as chose to accept the masters' terms. It is as yet, however, not absolutely certain that the strike is at an end. The operatives, we need hardly explain, comprise three distinct trades—the cardroom hands, the spinners, and the power-loom weavers. The latter are by far the most numerous, being almost twice as many as the other two together. They have all along been foremost in the movement. The Secretaries of their two great Unions have been the spokesmen of the whole body, and their resolutions have generally been followed by all. They have yielded, and therefore it may be assumed that the carders and spinners will also give way. Indeed we believe that in Accrington they have done so already. Still it is to be borne in mind that the work of carding and spinning is preparatory to that of weaving, and that consequently either carders or spinners may by obstinacy render weaving impossible. And the spinners in most of the districts have put off even the consideration of a surrender for a fortnight—in Blackburn they have declined the terms. It is to be supposed, however, that the millowners, when they decided to end the lock-out, had good reason to believe that none of their hands would prove irreconcilable. It has long been the opinion of impartial observers on the spot that, had the employers kept the mills open, the strike would speedily have collapsed. At Preston all classes of operatives accepted at the outset the ten per cent. reduction; and elsewhere there was a strong minority anxious to do the same, as they were clear-sighted enough to perceive that resistance would avail nothing. The masters attempted to compel instant submission by a general and indiscriminate lock-out, with the result that has been seen. Now that they have reversed their proceedings, they must be assumed to have good grounds for the belief that they have taught the lesson which they wished to convey. The straits to which the workpeople are reduced warrants that belief. In an address to their constituents, published at the close of last week, Messrs. BIRTWISTLE and WHALLEY, the Secretaries of the two great weavers' Unions, stated that the funds of the Unions had run down as low as they safely could be permitted to fall in face of their liabilities for funerals and other benefit purposes; and that the contributions from all outside sources did not furnish one shilling a week to the seventy thousand weavers engaged in the struggle. In this state of things there was clearly no option but to return to work on the masters' terms. And there are no reasons for believing that the carders and spinners are better off than the weavers. Still it is the fact that when the question was submitted to the weavers themselves on Monday morning, twenty-one shop meetings voted for further resistance—in some cases, it is said, by majorities of ten to one. And a large proportion of the spinners are reported to be without families, and consequently resolute to hold out to the end. If they should really do so, no doubt the lock-out will be again enforced. But it is incredible that they can be so blind to their own interests and to the teachings of facts.

While the matter is still undecided, those concerned would do well to reflect upon the losses which they have already endured. In the address above referred to, Messrs. BIRTWISTLE and WHALLEY state that the number of operatives affected by the strike and lock-out is one hundred thousand. In a previous document it is computed that their wages would amount to 75,000*l.* a week; consequently in the nine weeks now elapsed the loss of earnings has reached 675,000*l.* We have seen that, in default of their natural

income, they have drained the funds of their Unions so low as to endanger their solvency as Benefit Societies; and we have also seen that the outside contributions, at least of late, have not reached a shilling a head of the workers. But the families of the workers have had to be supported as well as the men themselves, and, when they are included, the total number affected is estimated to be three hundred thousand men, women, and children. Five thousand pounds a week would give barely fourpence a week to each of these, a dole manifestly insufficient to maintain life. The struggle has, therefore, been carried on mainly out of the savings of those engaged in it. That it has been sustained so long is a proof that those savings must have been very considerable. There has been a large addition to the numbers on the poor-rates in the affected districts. There has also been much mendicancy, and private charity has been actively employed, especially among the children; still, when it is remembered that a population larger than that of Dublin has been without income for two whole months, it must be admitted that the signs of distress have been but few and slight. In the nine weeks, however, the savings of the thrifty, painfully laid by during long years of prosperity and industry, must have been sadly reduced, while the improvident must have been brought to actual destitution. That the improvident in Lancashire, as all over England, constitute the vast majority, can unfortunately not be doubted; and they have been obliged, when their earnings ceased, to sell the furniture which they had gathered round them in better times, to pawn their clothes, and to run up bills with such tradespeople as would trust them. In this way they have managed to live; but they resume work now with bare rooms and empty wardrobes, with heavy debts due to the landlord, the grocer, the baker, and the butcher; in short, with their future mortgaged for months, or it may be for years, to come. It is not an over-estimate to assume that during the nine weeks each of the three hundred thousand persons affected by the strike and lock-out must have cost two shillings a week to keep. If so, reckoning loss of wages and necessary subsistence, the whole cost of the dispute to the operatives can be little, if at all, short of a million sterling. Indirectly this sum is swelled by the losses of the tradespeople who were deprived of the large ready money expenditure of the operatives, and consequently have not had their usual means of employing labour themselves, or of laying out money with other tradespeople. Lastly, there have to be taken into account the most grievous items of all—the suffering and distress caused by want and privation, the debilitated constitutions, the diminished working power, the increased sickness and mortality, the long doctor's bills.

All this loss and suffering have been incurred absolutely for nothing. At the end of the struggle the operatives are obliged to accept the terms against which they struck, conscious that they never can recover what they have thrown away, or recall the time that has been wasted in idleness. True, in the address to which we have more than once referred, Messrs. BIRTWISTLE and WHALLEY assert that they have saved many of their employers from bankruptcy. Had the mills gone on working during these two months, they allege, the weaker manufacturers would have been ruined, others would have been obliged to close their factories, and others would have had to adopt short time. Even if this assertion be accepted as correct, it only proves the folly of the operatives. For, had they not struck, the masters would have been compelled by the force of circumstances to adopt the diminution of production for which they contended. But the statement is only partially correct. Of course two months' stoppage of the mills has allowed time for the running down of stocks, and has caused a slight advance of price. But, if production is resumed at the old rate, the glut will soon be as great as ever. Thus no real improvement has been secured. Obviously what is needed is not a decrease of production, but an increase of consumption. With increased consumption, the surplus stocks would soon be decreased, and prices would rise, so as to allow of the former wages being paid. Without it, we are afraid Messrs. BIRTWISTLE and WHALLEY's prediction that a collapse is at hand like that experienced during the American Civil War is only too likely to be fulfilled. If the Berlin Congress is successful in securing peace, we may expect a revival of trade generally, and with it a better demand for cotton goods. But any effectual relief of the great staple manufacture of Lancashire is to be looked for, not from Europe, but from the East. When the strike began, the representatives

of the millowners showed that since 1860 the consumption of English cotton cloth in the great Eastern markets had increased eighty per cent., whereas in all the rest of the world the increase was only fifteen per cent. In other words, the continued prosperity of Lancashire depends upon the ability and willingness of India and China to purchase its wares. But it appears from the "Statement of the Trade of British India," lately published, that there has been a very great falling off in the consumption of both India and China during the past two years—owing partly to the occurrence of famines, partly to the depreciation of silver, partly to the growth of factory industry in Bombay, and partly to the adulteration practised by Manchester manufacturers. This adulteration, Mr. O'CONNOR tells us, is bringing discredit on the English trade, which in consequence is suffering in India from Bombay competition and in China from American. Famines, silver depreciation, and native industry Lancashire cannot control, but it can at least manufacture honestly; and, if it will do so, it may even yet recover the markets on which its prosperity depends. If it will not, the present depression is but the beginning of the end. We cannot admit, then, that this foolish, unsuccessful, and costly strike has in any real sense improved the prospects of manufacturers. Notoriously it has damaged the operatives. It is to be hoped that the carders and spinners will not add to the loss and suffering already endured, but will follow the example set by the weavers, and that the continued antagonism of capital and labour will not intensify dangers which are already sufficiently real and menacing.

MR. BRYANT AND AMERICAN POETRY.

THE death of Mr. William Cullen Bryant does not indeed deprive America of her oldest poet—for the venerable Dana still survives—but even Mr. Dana can hardly have published verses earlier than the *Infantia* of Mr. Bryant. He lisped in numbers which were duly printed when he was but ten years of age, and his early lines, published in 1804, show a precocity as great as that of the late Bishop of St. David's. Neither the childish verses, nor a youthful satire called the "Embargo," find a place in the English edition of Mr. Bryant's collected works (Henry S. King and Co., 1873), which lies before us. Fifty-seven years separate the date of the poet's death from that of the appearance of the volume which contained "The Ages" and "Thanatopsis." American poetry is always much engaged in the contemplation of the grave, and therefore it is less strange that the first stanza of "The Ages" and the last lines of "Thanatopsis" should read like a prophecy of the poet's own decease:—

The sweet wise death of old men honourable
Who have lived out all the length of all their days.

It may be worth while to quote the lines which contain a precept that Mr. Bryant obeyed in his long, honourable, and probably happy life:—

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Mr. Bryant's early verses remind one of the first efforts of a poet with whom he has not many points in common, Théodore de Banville. "Thanatopsis," like *Les Cariatides*, is full of rich and various promise, never quite fulfilled in the many later attempts of either singer. It does not appear to us that there was so much strength and massiveness in the volumes of Mr. Bryant's maturity as in the book of his youth. His poem on "The Ages," for example, ends with some very vigorous lines on the superiority of America over the pale civilization and narrow bounds of European countries:—

Seas and stormy air
Are the wide barriers of thy borders.

This patriotism became the youngest singer of the youngest nation; but America has left no mark on Mr. Bryant's genius. This is an old complaint, and perhaps English critics are mistaken when they suppose that English poetry should put forth flowers of some strange fragrance and colour in American soil. Certainly the quiet and refinement of Mr. Bryant's verses and of Mr. Longfellow's are more attractive than the formless experiments of that rowdy Tupper, Walt Whitman, or the Swinburnian energy of Mr. Joaquin Miller. Looking through Mr. Bryant's collected works, one finds nothing that proves him to have been more moved than Campbell was by the influences of America. He is rather interested in the Red Man, to be sure, but not more than an English poet might very well be. He begins "an Indian story" by saying that he "knows where the timid fawn abides," and where "the

young May violets grow." Then he introduces Maquon, a young brave, who has promised his dark-haired maid a good red-deer from the forest shade. Now this is really, though Mr. Bryant lays no stress on it, a most interesting moment in Maquon's career. To present a dark-haired maid with a haunch of venison is equivalent, among those children of Nature, to proposing to her. If she accepts the gift, and roasts or hashes the venison, all is well, and the brave not only knows that he is the favoured wooer, but that the dark-haired maid can cook. If she does not set to work, the brave is not only rejected, but he must marry any maiden who has the presence of mind to rush in and broil a steak, or whatever it may be. These details Mr. Bryant neglects, and merely observes that when Maquon comes to his bower of the beloved he finds her absent,

And there hangs on the sassafras, broken and bent,
One tress of the well-known hair.

Some rival who preferred the old plan of marriage by capture has anticipated Maquon and got away with an excellent lead. Maquon, though left behind at the start, soon recovered the maid, killed the rival,

And the Indian girls that pass that way
Point out the ravisher's grave,
"And how soon to the bower she loved," they say,
"Returned the maid that was borne away
From Maquon, the fond and the brave."

Mr. Bryant's verse is never more peculiarly American than in this idyl; and it must be admitted that Mr. Joaquin Miller does the thing better when Indians are concerned, and has far more dash, is more lavish of local colouring, and is more affected by the sentiment of Indian life. Indeed nothing can be more tame than the lines about "Maquon, the fond and the brave." Again, Mr. Bryant had no perception of what a French critic calls *la beauté de la vie moderne*, as manifest in the society of the United States. Very possibly there is no such peculiar beauty to perceive. On the other hand, the existence of Thoreau seems itself to have been a kind of poem impossible on this side of the water; and Mr. Lowell's only respectable verses, *The Biglow Papers*, are certainly full of a peculiar humour essentially American, and are, so far, more notable than any production of Mr. Bryant's.

To the English student of poetry (who very likely is but partially acquainted with American literature) the American genius seems just the reverse of what might have been expected. Instead of an exuberance of life, there is present a singular delight in decay. The great intellect of Hawthorne habitually haunted "the mouldering lodges of the past," and there breathes through all his novels the dank air of a soft November day. New England verse is of the colour of the leaves in the "Ode to the West Wind," "yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red." It is not love, as in the triumphant chorus in the *Antigone*, but death, "that makes himself a rosy hiding-place" in the cheek of youth. Mr. Bryant actually has an address to "Consumption," beginning with some complacency, "Aye, thou art for the grave!" His poem called "June" might more appropriately have been styled "The Sepulchre"; he at once grasps "the sexton's hand," and wanders from the lap of midsummer to the thought of "a cell within the frozen mould," and so on. This is the poem which ends with the beautiful and well-known lines about him

Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is that his grave is green.

Turning from Mr. Bryant to a far greater than he, to the one American singer with a genius—an eccentric and perverted, but undeniable, genius—we find Poe infinitely more sepulchral. He is not content to stay on the green outside of the grave, but his thoughts must follow the worm and the processes of decay. The grief in his verses is not tender regret, but the insanity of a bereaved, and always rather feeble, intellect. His palaces of art crumble over abysmal turns; his beauties have the charm of *La Morte Amoureuse*. The ruck, or the choir, of minor poets are equally lachrymose. American poetry turns naturally to the topics and the sentiments of the schoolgirl, whose effusions are always the utterances of mysterious sorrow and irremediable loss, and who forgets her woes when she "comes out." Perhaps it is natural that the verse of a young country should have the failings of the verse of young people, who never put their natural gaiety and vigour into rhyme, but harp on the theme of their morbid affections.

American poetry is not only gloomy, on the whole, but it is perversely and persistently moral. Mr. Bryant, for example, was the author of some very pretty lines on a "Waterfowl," possibly that cheery and beneficent creature the canvas-backed duck:—

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

This is very well, a pretty, natural picture; but Mr. Bryant fills it up and rounds it in with a quantity of religious padding. Wordsworth was not more anxious to "drive at practice." "The Fringed Gentian," in the same way, has its religious moral, and the poet hopes that, just as the fringed gentian blossoms late "when woods are bare, and birds are flown," so

Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

The fancy is pretty, and welcome here; but the love of finding morals everywhere is shared by the American Muse with the

Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland*. Probably this mildly didactic character of American poetry is due to the fact that hymns are almost all the imaginative literature of many of the people. Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's most diverting description of the immortal Gifted Hopkins (in *Elsie Venner*) shows us the birth and life of inspiration in the Bostonian bard. He is first stirred by hymns and hymnal music, and much later in his career he devours Byron and Tennyson. The deeper tone, however, of his lyre will always ring with moral, melancholy, and mildly religious cadences. It is not impossible that the faults of American poetry, the depressed tone, the search for didactic reflections, the absence of originality in the mere technique, the lack of the welcome strangeness of personality, are due to the surviving influences of Puritanism. Another very obvious temptation besets the young American who cares for literature. The main current of American life sets so strongly in the direction of action, especially of commerce, that he who refuses to be a politician or a trader is not unlikely to become an indolent amateur. He is almost necessarily severed from the interests of the majority of his countrymen. Mr. Bryant was a singular example of a poet and a student versed in many literatures who did not hold aloof from politics and the stress and turmoil of democracy. It is scarcely possible, we think, to call him a great poet, even among American poets. Mr. Longfellow, of whom there has been no question in this paper, excelled him where he himself most excelled, in the composition of refined verses of placid contemplation. Mr. Longfellow possesses a range far wider, a genial gaiety, a sadness not depressing, but touched with humour, and, in addition to these good qualities, certain defects which have insured his popularity. As to Poe, there is a standing feud about his position between Bostonians and the rest of the world. It may be granted that the matter of his poetry is often an exaggerated expression of American sentiment, that he howls where others only drop the tear; but he has poems of classical purity and perfection, like the lines "To Helen"; and he has intervals of music, as in the "Haunted Palace" and the poem of "Israfel," which are only to be matched in Shelley and Coleridge. He is often free, too, from the insatiate American love of morals; and it would be hard to find any didactic, or perhaps any other, significance in "Ulalume." It is improbable that America will produce any poets who can be ranked with the great Englishmen, with Milton, Coleridge, Byron, or Scott, till she learns to possess her soul in a quiet which at present seems far distant.

MESSES AND REGIMENTAL DINNERS.

IF the regimental dinner were meant chiefly to revive the memories of regimental messes, we suspect that it would be honoured rather by absence than by attendance. There can be little question that after a time the everyday mess becomes as dull an entertainment as any gentleman need desire to sit down to. So it used to be, and perhaps even more than at present, in the times before the War Office authorities limited the expenditure by sumptuary laws. Even a stalwart young countryman with an honest appetite and unimpaired digestion does not care to live by *entrées* and *entremets* alone; his social enjoyment must depend on the social atmosphere and on the talk that seasons the delicacies spread before him. No doubt there is great honour and glory for the emancipated schoolboy who has just received his commission, in taking his seat in all the splendour of his uniform in the company of gay officers and seniors whom he regards with almost superstitious respect. The words that fall from their lips are full of piquant experiences for him, while they flash novel and unexpected lights on the world upon which he is entering. Veterans, charmed to seize on an interested auditor, reproduce for his personal delectation their stock anecdotes and jokes; and these may sometimes have been amusing enough before they were worn threadbare by incessant repetition. The boy is greatly flattered by being buttonholed by the major or doctor, and regaled with interminable narratives of marvellous operations in war or surgery. The very baldest regimental or local gossip has all the excitement of humorous freshness for him. Then, if he has been brought up in some peaceful parsonage or in an unsophisticated family circle, he takes a lively interest and pleasure in the various dishes that are served to him. Carried away by force of sympathy or example, he may sip more of the fiery sherry than is good for him; and the wine acts upon his brain, and flings him into exhilaration. So it may go on with him for months or years, especially if his innocent freshness can amuse itself easily with trifles. But it can only be a question of time as to the period when it all begins to pall on him; and, if his temperament chances to be quick and impressionable, the weariness once experienced is apt to grow intolerable. That family dinners may be dreary, no one will deny. But these, at all events, need not be unduly prolonged; and one is spared the oppressive sense of ceremonial at them. They are sure to be more or less enlivened by some trifles of domestic interest—matters which, however insignificant they may be, have a personal interest for the people who discuss them. But at mess the trivialities that pass current as small talk are often the desperate recourse of vacuity. The details of "shop" and pipeclay are almost as unprofitable as they are stale; nor do we believe there is any great harm done, even from a military point of view, when they are understood to be tacitly tabooed, as is the case in certain corps. A hunting regiment,

quartered in a grass country, will of course be talking of horses and hounds, expatiating during the hunting season on exploits in the field. Nor can any conversation kill the time more effectually for the well-mounted hard-riding men who are comparing notes and recollections. But, though it supplies the performers with inexhaustible themes, nothing can well be tamer for the listeners who hear those heroes ring the changes on fields and fences, and carry the scent breast-high from the find through the brief checks to the finish. Nothing can well be duller, except the horse-talk and turf-talk which may be said to drag themselves along at second-hand. As the leading articles in the morning papers provide many a profound and dogmatic politician with the views he inculcates on his acquaintances through the day, so the cheap sporting press goes far towards being the bane of original thought in the sporting circles of mess-rooms and ante-rooms. Youths who never have had the opportunity of keeping an animal of their own, and whose racing experiences have been limited to an occasional holiday at Epsom, read, mark, and inwardly digest the communications of touts and the prognostications of prophets. Then, with a civil complacency that does them infinite credit, they ignore, by common consent, the sources whence they draw their ideas. The late Admiral Rous would have expressed himself with far greater diffidence than these young gentlemen as to entries of which they personally know nothing, and events on which but few of them speculate. For, after all, they seldom do more than singe their fingers, although occasionally a "plunger" in a small way may come to grief. They simply bore themselves and those about them with pursuits which somehow, by the traditions of the service, are supposed to be under the patronage of all its branches. We grant that a guest-night may be good fun. The stranger, whatever the cut or colour of his professional coat, finds himself in a new atmosphere. The better-informed men of the world among his hosts—and there are sure to be several of them, although they may not usually set the tone of the conversation—exert themselves for his entertainment. In "drawing" him on topics of general interest they come out in a way that must sometimes surprise themselves as well as their brother officers. For in the heavy atmosphere of the everyday talk the most original intellects and the brightest faculties find it almost impossible to sparkle. Custom does a great deal; and a man learns to resign himself to considerable boredom when it comes to him in the course of inevitable routine. He may seek relief from the strain by occasionally shirking. As a rule, however, he submits as a matter of course to the regulation amount of convivial infliction, just as he follows the colours to pestilential quarters in the West Indies, or turns out to early parade in the frost of a December morning.

But the annual regimental dinner is an exceptional occasion, and a different affair altogether. The retired officer enjoys it in prospect and retrospect, and marks it with a red letter in his calendar. The flatness of the mess is forgotten, and nothing is remembered but the kindly good-fellowship. Former friends meet under altered circumstances, and there is a promiscuous intermingling of ideas that have been flowing in very different channels. There is pleasure in being back again among the familiar faces, although they may have changed visibly, and changed for the worse. After all, if heads have grown bald and hair has turned grey, if care and time have worn wrinkles and crows' feet, it is the less painfully perceptible because each member of the party has been undergoing some similar transmutation. And, though there is much that is melancholy in leaving youth behind, ripe maturity, or even decay, may bring its own consolations. The experiences of life should have disciplined you to contentment; the ambitions of youth have been half satisfied or forgotten; while the turbulence of its passions and cravings has been assuaged. Some men have partially realized their dreams, and have advanced in the career they chalked out for their energies. The subaltern who joined a few days after yourself comes to dine as colonel commanding the regiment and a C.B., decorated with the Victoria Cross. But who shall say that he is happier than you, who married a woman with a modest competency, sold out of the service long before, and settled down in the country on a farm with a pleasant family residence? Though you do not envy the retired captain of your company, who stows away bag and baggage in a bachelor's quarters in St. James's, and has found no better home than his club, probably he may compassionate the dulness of your lot. At least his cares are in a narrow compass, and, though he may seem the incarnation of selfishness to his acquaintances, he may still have soft corners in his heart. For once in the year the three of you lay your heads together. You tempt your friend the colonel with pictures of rural tranquillity; persuade him to run down to have a look at your stables and heifers, and take a quiet turn among the partridges or pheasants. He consents on condition that you come to Aldershot on the next field-day, when you are mounted with all the honours to see the troops manoeuvre, and subsequently fêted and made much of at the mess. And the confirmed misanthrope of the clubs for once shows himself kindly and hospitable; he insists upon you and the colonel naming a day to dine with him, and will hear of no refusal. He will take care to have Tom and Dick to meet you; he knows better than any man where and how to look them up, since he is always on guard in the morning-room and smoking-room, where he passes all visitors under review. The regimental gathering brings him a real blessing in reviving the half-extinguished glow of geniality;

and the very waiters he has been in the habit of hectoring regard him with more forgiving feelings when they see him doing the honours of a dinner party. Old comrades, of course, do their marching and fighting over again in the Indian, Abyssinian, and Ashantee campaigns. Hair-breadth 'scapes are recalled with animation, and dangers, hardships, and privations assume almost a rosy tinge when seen through the medium of the champagne and claret. Modest men are pleasantly reminded of the achievements that won them promotion or decorations; vainglorious heroes can breathe a blast on their own trumpets without incurring the reproach of ostentation. Tributes are paid to the memory of those who fell under arms or succumbed to disease; while there are curious speculations as to others who have dropped out of sight without leaving a sign of their whereabouts behind them. In short, if a man is not the better and the happier for the regimental dinner, certainly he ought to be; and he must be poor indeed if, on deliberate reflection, he grudges the price of his ticket, although it be an extraordinary piece of extravagance.

Complaints have been made lately as to the excessive cost of these entertainments, and from one point of view these complaints are reasonable. It is simply the old story of the rapacity of hotel-keepers and restaurateurs. There is no doubt that the most renowned of these establishments set an extravagant charge on their names and reputations. If you order your coat of a fashionable tailor, or your breechloader of a famous gunmaker, you know beforehand that you must pay accordingly. In hotels all the world over indifferent vintages are rechristened in the cellars, and priced according to a fanciful tariff. We may think that the hosts would better consult their own interests if they showed more consideration for their customers' pockets; but the voice that preaches retrenchment and reform to them is the voice of one crying in the wilderness. And we cannot go the length of the well-meaning gentlemen who recommend the innovation of more frugal repasts. The officers, whether on full pay or in retreat, who attend these annual banquets, may not be in the habit of faring sumptuously every day on turtle and venison; and Château Lafitte and dry champagnes may be the exception rather than the rule with them. But we must take the world as we find it, and Britons are a dining people, and gourmands according to their lights. To make a dinner of ceremony draw, everything ought to be handsomely served; at all events it should profess to aim at perfection, and strive to keep up the illusion. The veteran who would shun roast mutton and sherry, or shrink into growling discontent if he were forced to sit down to them, expands in spite of himself with the calipee and champagne, and becomes cordial and affectionate under the influence of burgundy. A sovereign is a sovereign to a poor man; but there are times when a much-prized sovereign may be well spent, even for other purposes than those of disinterested charity.

BOOKS AND THEIR ENEMIES.

IF Milton could have foreseen the fecundity of the press two centuries after his own time, it is probable that he would have modified his pleading for the sanctity of book-life in the *Areopagitica*. As a matter of fact, books, as compared with men, have much the best of it in that respect. Population, according to Malthus, increases in a geometrical ratio, but books increase in a ratio so entirely out of reason that, in a generation or two, Russell Square will have to be annexed to the British Museum. Nor is there any effective check that we can perceive. There are, we are told, causes which operate to prevent our being over-peopled, but we can see nothing to save us from being over-booked. It was a superstition with our grandfathers that the buttermilk, the grocer, and the trunkmaker helped to protect society from the inundation of printed matter; but, even if the idea was ever anything more than a poetic fable, such auxiliaries would be as unavailing against the tide of literature nowadays as Mrs. Partington's besom against the Atlantic. Something, indeed, might be hoped from a commercial treaty with Japan; for the sagacious people of that country have a way of keeping literature within bounds which our boasted Western invention never thought of. In Japan there is no such thing as waste paper. A book that has ceased to be read or that never has had readers is not allowed by the practical Japanese to cumber the earth, take up space uselessly, or, worse still, furnish matter for some writer of "padding" articles. It is transmuted into some useful form—an umbrella, or a hat, or great-coat. Nay, so manifold are the applications of papier-mâché in that ingenious country, household furniture, and even houses, so travellers tell us, are made of it. However large our annual output of literature might be, the Japanese, with such endless uses for paper, would no doubt be ready to relieve us of any quantity, and, as commercial relations extended, might perhaps return us some portion manufactured into practical shapes, just as we send cotton back to the growers in the form of shirting. Thus the novelist might come to be sheltered by his own romances, and an epic moulded into a hat protect the head within which it was born as a poem.

The enemies against whom Milton contended acted somewhat as war, plague, pestilence, and famine act on mankind, sweeping off whole editions and races of books. The enemies we speak of here are those that attack individuals, not masses, and, while they do nothing to check the superabundance of literature, seem to have a fatal attraction for the productions that are best worth preserving. In a little work to which we referred some time since, M. Rouvrey's

Connaissances nécessaires à un Bibliophile, the chief enemies of a library are said to be insects, damp, and rats; but every one who keeps books knows this is an incomplete statement of the case. Rats and mice indeed can scarcely now be counted among the destroyers of books. It was the vellum of old manuscripts and bindings that they found toothsome, and in countries where vellum bindings were in vogue, they were justly regarded as formidable enemies to literature. Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, for instance, whose collection formed the foundation of the Escorial Library, seems to have feared them more than anything else, and as Spanish divinity especially affected vellum, there is no saying how much weighty theology the world has lost through the appetites of these rodents. But in Spain they were probably most of them church mice, and therefore proverbially sharpset; in a modern house there is generally a sufficiency of metal more attractive than vellum, even if that were abundant and accessible.

Damp is an undoubted enemy, working mildew, decay, disintegration, and a variety of evils; but it is an enemy which gives trouble to the librarian, who has to fight it without the aid of fire, rather than to him whose books form part of his personal surroundings, and share all risks with him and his family. There is more reality in the danger of insects, though even they are in a measure foes of the past, for one rarely sees a book printed within the last fifty or sixty years that has suffered from them. The bookworm is a mysterious creature. It is not even certain whether the name includes one or several insects; a "*dirum tineæ genus*." Of its habits and objects in life we know little, and of its personal appearance still less. The naturalist Mentzel believed he saw one once. He was disturbed at his work by a noise like that with which fowls notify the birth of an egg into the world, when it struck him that the sound came from the very paper he was writing on; and, by the aid of a magnifying glass, he made out a minute insect, which, regardless of observation, kept on clucking just like a hen. Hearing the same sound afterwards among his books, he came to the conclusion that this was the insect that did the mischief, and that the cry was that of the male calling to his mate. Far more probably it was simply the expression of maternal exultation at having laid an egg somewhere.

Whatever family the insect belongs to, whether the *Tineæ* or the *Dermestes*, whether it be a *Ptinus* or an *Aglossæ cuivréæ*, about its *modus operandi* there is no doubt. The female deposits her egg in some nook of the binding, and from the egg comes the larva vaguely called the bookworm, whose subsequent wanderings will perhaps reduce the value of the volume he is born in from guineas to shillings. What the creature's object is—whether it is merely feeding on the material of the book, or endeavouring to force its way out into the world, or whether it pierces those erratic tunnels we know so well out of what Americans would call "pure cussedness"—all this is uncertain; but all who have any experience of the matter seem to be agreed that it is in the binding, or in the paste used in the binding, that the mischief begins. As to the latter, the remedy lies in making the paste unattractive by means of alum, oil of turpentine, or, as M. Rouveyre suggests, by a small dose of corrosive sublimate. For binding, Russia leather will protect, not only the volume it covers, but to a certain extent also those in its neighbourhood; and this is the sole advantage it possesses over morocco, for, notwithstanding its sumptuous and solid look, Russia is not a good binding leather. It suffers from damp, drought, and mildew, and is apt to crack and peel and become shabby with use, and shabby Russia is shabbier than sheepskin. Morocco—that is, good Morocco—will resist insects just as well, and every other enemy, including hard wear, infinitely better. Its durability has been amply tested. The old black Morocco bindings of the time of Charles II. (when the leather seems to have been first introduced, probably through the acquisition of Tangier) are generally as stout and serviceable as ever, though the volumes so bound are, for the most part, books that must have been in constant use—Bibles, Prayer-books, *The Whole Duty of Man*, *Holy Living and Dying*, and the like; and the same may be said of the beautiful scarlet long-grain Morocco, so common eighty years ago and so uncommon now. The bookworm, when he is in earnest, makes nothing of going through calf; but vellum is far too tough for his boring apparatus. Vellum, however, is practically out of court. As the original casing of some ancient volume it is venerable, but as a modern binding it is simply detestable, sickly to look at and painful to handle, making a book difficult to open and impossible to close. The old Spanish bindings, already referred to, if they invited rats and mice, were at any rate worm-proof, being nothing more than a vellum cover, secured by vellum bands and lined with paper; while, on the other hand, the fine old picturesque bindings of Northern Europe, thick bevelled boards covered with stamped leather, served as nurseries for endless generations of bookworms. Of these the book-keeper should beware, especially of the massive oak boards, and he should lodge any specimens he may be so fortunate as to possess in an honourable asylum apart where they cannot infect his other books; unless, indeed, he can devise some safe mode of sterilizing the whole structure, wood, leather, and pasteboard. Repairing the ravages of the bookworm is well nigh hopeless; still a neat hand may sometimes do something with paste and tissue-paper, which, by steeping in strong tea, may be made to match any pages, however venerably yellow.

Modern books and bindings are, as has been already said, comparatively safe from the worm, but they have their own enemies. There is gas, for instance, which is perhaps as mischievous as any

insect. Even pure gas is anything but good for bindings, but the gas commonly burned is simply a slow corrosive. Its immediate effects are manifest in blistered leather and tarnished gilding; but who can tell how all that sulphurous acid oxidized into vitriol is acting on binding and paper? It may be that our cherished collections will come into the hands of the next generation in the friable condition of the papyrus from an Egyptian mummy-case. One of the minor evil consequences of gas is that it tends to encourage a reversion to those hateful things, glazed bookcases. There are few more chilling sights to be encountered in everyday life than a range of handsomely bound books staring at you from behind a glass shutter. You cannot even be sure that they are books. They may be dummies, for all you know; but, whatever they are, they seem to look down upon you from their coign of vantage with an insolent air of "Paws off, Pompey! we are for your betters." A first folio or collection of the quartos of Shakspeare, or a Valdarfer Boccaccio, or a set of Aldines or Elzevirs of the right editions, or some rare example of typography or choice specimen of binding, may be legitimately placed behind the glass doors of a cabinet, as something precious or delicate for the preservation of which no precaution is superfluous. But to shut in ordinary books (unless it be to ward off the blighting fumes of gas) is tantamount to an insult to the shut out. It is as good as telling you in words that you are an illiterate person who has no business or concern with books, and, being ignorant of their use, cannot be trusted to handle them. A room fairly furnished with books, even law books, has a certain air of life in that decoration or works of art cannot give. It is possible to feel solitary in a picture gallery, but not in a room lined with well-filled book-shelves. But then the books must be in questionable shape; they must be open to conversation, not unapproachable exclusives that turn their backs upon society. For the same reason that glass doors are objectionable, so are tall bookcases. In libraries, where space is precious and there are ladders it is another matter; but in ordinary rooms, where books form part of the amenities of life, they should be within easy reach; and a low bookcase running round a room, leaving the upper portion of the walls free for pictures, while its top serves as a stand for bronzes or *bric-à-brac*, will fill the lower three or four feet of wall better in every way than any dado. M. Rouveyre's little work already referred to gives many sound, practical hints on the construction of bookcases, though his measurements are addressed rather to those who are fitting up a library, and he advocates tall bookcases and glass doors. One counsel of his will commend itself to all who know how the bottom edges of bindings suffer in use—to cover the upper surfaces of the shelves with leather. He advises morocco, but smooth, soft calf will do better; and of course where glass doors are taboed a leather edging to each shelf is an absolute necessity to prevent as much as possible the dust from lodging on the books below.

Dust is an enemy which does not so much threaten the existence of books as their good looks. It is owing to dust more than to anything else that they become prematurely aged. It is dust that gives that foxy margin which may be noticed in books that have stood untouched upon their shelves for any considerable length of time. The remedy, however, in this case lies in the book-keeper's own hands. Care, occasional dusting, good binding, and gilt top edges will generally suffice; but it must be remembered that gilt tops are useless unless the work has been done by a workman who knows how to produce a perfectly smooth and close-fitting surface. The perfect exclusion of dust is, in fact, one of the best tests of good binding. Bibliophiles fond of uncut copies should bear in mind that rough edges serve as dust traps, and that false margins made by sheets projecting beyond their neighbours are even worse. These, according to the *Libre du Bibliophile* of M. Lemerre, ought always to be removed, and as a producer of *éditions de luxe* he speaks with authority. Those readers who cannot lay down a book without sticking between the leaves a slip of doubled or quadrupled paper to mark their place ought also to be looked to, for this practice of theirs is highly conducive to admission of dust; as for those who are capable of the barbarity of turning down corners, they stamp themselves as fit to be trusted with nothing better than a lending-library copy of a last season's novel.

The spread of circulating libraries, it is to be feared, does a great deal to foster bad habits of this kind. These institutions tend to breed a democratic disrespect of the personality of books, and they encourage the lax notions already only too prevalent with regard to property in the book form. With many people the *raison d'être* of a book is to be borrowed; the owner owns it that he may lend it, and the borrower is in no way bound to take care that he returns it as he got it—if, indeed, he returns it at all. For bringing out any latent selfishness there may be in the character there is nothing like a borrowed book. The man who will be as careful of your horse as of his own, who will make a point of sending back your overcoat scrupulously brushed, and will even remember to return your umbrella, will not have the self-denial to refrain from reading your book over a fire or under buttered toast. When you see a page decorated with a complete solar system of grease-spots, you may depend upon it the book has been lent; that was never the doing of its lawful owner. Jagged edges tell the same tale; the book-borrower trusted with an uncut book will cut the leaves with anything that comes to hand; but in general he acts on the principle that fingers were made before paper-knives. In days gone by, when lamps and patent wicks were not so common, the point of the snuffers was a favourite substitute. Novels of the Regency period are seldom without signs of this treatment. One of the mysteries connected with book-borrowing is the rage for making

marginal notes which it seems to develop. That a man should mark passages for future reference in his own book is intelligible; but why he should be so particular in marking a book which he will probably never set eyes on again is beyond conjecture. Nor is it easy to see why he cannot keep from expressing strong opinions, like "stuff," "rubbish," "bosh," "true poetry," "capital!" and so forth, which authors in his own possession never seem to call for. This is one of the tricks that lending-libraries are apt to confirm into habits, and it is probably only a survival of the passion for daubing and scribbling in books which is one of the less agreeable instincts of childhood. For children, unfortunately, must be counted among the enemies of books. If a book is not illustrated, they remedy the defect after their own fashion; and if it is, they are careful to show their sense of the illustrator's want of imagination. No artist ever comes up to a child's ideal, and the more suggestive his work is the more it suffers. Woe betide the little Bewick, delicate as an engraved gem, that takes the fancy of the youthful improver. The cottage chimney must be made to indicate internal comfort by vast volumes of smoke, and the wood-cutter, trudging home through the snow, has to be fortified against the inclemency of the weather by a pipe as big as himself; and when the pencil can do no more the paint-box comes into play. Who does not know "that picture of Pilgrim with a mantle on, looking just like a turtle," which Maggie Tulliver looked upon as her brother Tom's *chef-d'œuvre*? If to all this we add the jam, butter, and sticky nastinesses of one sort or another with which youngsters mark their approval of an author, we cannot wonder if lovers of books are not always lovers of children also, or that Charles Lamb should have pledged the memory of the "much maligned good King Herod." Of course, as far as children are concerned, the evil is in some degree preventable, but it is not so easy to keep books out of the hands of the detrimental book-borrower. Not a bad plan is to have handsomely bound a genuine circulating-library copy—a well spotted and scrawled one—of some popular work, which, before he has had time to exercise the *droit d'emprunteur* among your shelves, you can carelessly show him as an example of "what comes of lending books to people who have no respect for them." It may put him off altogether, for his borrowing is prompted, not by a desire for knowledge, but by an idle, magpie-like love of carrying something away with him. At any rate it may have the happy effect of compelling in some slight degree that "reverent care" of books which, after all, is the true end of binding, book-cases, and bibliophilism in general.

A RESERVE OF SHIPS.

THE preparations made by the Russian Government for fitting out cruisers in American ports at first attracted much attention; but this soon flagged, and scarcely anything was heard of them for some little time before peace came to be regarded as certain. It will be remembered that not very long ago there was some wild talk about privateers which, it was said, were to be equipped in large numbers on the coasts of the Atlantic and the Pacific. Letters of marque were to be issued to Russian subjects or to American citizens, and on the declaration of war a host of armed vessels would sail forth from the harbours of America, and, stationing themselves along the lines followed by the great mass of English merchant ships, would forthwith capture so many and cause such a panic that the commerce of Great Britain would be paralysed and her flag rendered an abomination in the eyes of all those who had cargoes to ship; while, so far as Russia was concerned, war would support war, inasmuch as nothing would have to be paid for the privateers which were to work such vast harm. This fierce bravado was a good deal laughed at in England, but nevertheless it cannot be denied that the project attributed to the Russian Government was not looked upon as utterly impracticable, and it was thought that a Power so little troubled by any honourable scruples would not hesitate to break through the engagements stated in the Declaration of Paris, binding as they undoubtedly should be. In one respect these misgivings were probably not without cause. There is small reason for supposing that the Russian Government would be deterred by conscientious difficulties in such a matter as this; but still it may be doubted whether it ever seriously contemplated issuing letters of marque. There were grave obstacles to this amiable scheme. The officers and crews of privateers, if captured, would stand no inconsiderable chance of being executed, and seamen, despite their proverbial courage, entertain the invincible dislike to being hanged which is so common amongst landmen. The marauders would probably not be in any way recognized as belligerents by neutral Powers, some of whom might even regard them as pirates. The Russian Government was little likely to overlook these considerations, and it now appears either that the idea of issuing letters of marque was never seriously entertained or else that it was soon abandoned. The smoke, however, was not without fire. The Russian Admiralty seem really to have had the intention of fitting out armed vessels in American ports, and they purchased one large steamer certainly, and apparently some others, with a view to attacking English commerce; it having been determined, according to such information as has up to the present been obtained, that these ships should be regular men-of-war, commanded by officers in the Russian navy and manned by Russian seamen, so that they would undoubtedly be able in the event of war to do what harm they could without laying the Russian Government open to the charge of disregarding the Declaration of Paris.

Latterly nothing has been heard of these steamers, though at one time much was said about them, and it is not absolutely impossible that the Russian Admiralty never had any serious intention of fitting them out, and that their purchase was merely part of a system of brag which is very well understood at St. Petersburg. It is, however, much more likely that the equipment of the vessels has been quietly continued, and that the reason why nothing has been heard about them of late is that people in England made up their minds, rightly perhaps, but still somewhat hastily, that there was no probability of war. But even if we assume that all risks of hostilities between this country and Russia are over, this purchase and arming of vessels in the ports of a neutral Power, or of a Power which would be neutral in case of war, is a matter well worthy of attention, as indicating a method of attack which we may have to meet at some future time. It is true that there are great difficulties in the way of a belligerent who seeks to send cruisers to sea from the harbours of a neutral, and that these difficulties would be especially formidable if America was to be made the basis of naval operations against England, on account of the special treaty which exists between the two countries. It is not clear, however, that there are any reciprocal duties between America and England before war has actually been declared. In ordinary time of peace ship-builders may of course construct vessels of war for foreign Governments, and may put guns on board, and it is hardly necessary to point out how many ships have been built in our ports for the navies of other countries. Whether, if hostilities between England and Russia were imminent, it would be the duty of the Government of Washington to put a stop to the equipment in American harbours of Russian vessels which were being armed in obvious anticipation of almost immediate hostilities, is a question which we do not propose at present to consider; but certainly it seems extremely likely that no measures would be taken until war had been declared. Some cruisers, then, of which the preparation had been continued up to the very last moment, might put to sea just before war began, and, receiving their full complement of men from vessels sent to meet them, might be perfectly ready to prey on our merchant ships. After the commencement of hostilities, it may fairly be assumed that the American Government would use all the means at their disposal to carry out the provisions of the Treaty of Washington; but it is difficult to believe that they would be able to prevent the occasional escape from some of their numerous ports of vessels which would receive their armament after leaving harbour. Our merchantmen would therefore be exposed to a certain amount of danger—danger by no means so great, it is true, as would appear from the excited statements of Russian journalists, but still sufficiently serious to deserve consideration. The question is, how these corsairs could be most quickly cleared from off the face of the ocean.

Our men-of-war would of course do much; but it is doubtful whether there could possibly be enough of them to do all that would be required to exterminate these pirates, going forth not to fight but to plunder. A large number of ships of moderate armament, but of very great speed, would be required to sweep all the tracks on which the hostile cruisers were lurking, and to watch those ports and parts of the coast from which it might be thought likely that their supplies would be obtained. Vessels admirably adapted for this kind of work there are in our own service; but not so many as would probably be required; and to keep a host of them constantly ready for equipment would entail vast expense. Fortunately, however, it is not necessary that there should be a large reserve of ships of this sort, if only measures are taken for adding to the navy in case of need a sufficient number of the great merchant steamers, which are in some respects admirably fitted for the work of chasing down piratical vessels such as have been described. In respect of speed, which would be all-important, no ships in the world equal the huge steamers of the Transatlantic and other lines, and it would appear that a certain proportion of them are fit to be converted into men of war. The Admiralty has, indeed, already considered the subject, and under the direction of the Department of Naval Construction surveys have recently been held on a considerable number of steamships to ascertain how far they are suited for use in war. From what is known, however, of the scheme of the Admiralty for the employment of these vessels, it hardly seems to have been well conceived, and is apparently open to certain objections which are stated in an article in the *Nautical Magazine* for the present month written by Mr. John Burns, a gentleman well qualified to speak with authority on this subject. According to him, "The plan of the Admiralty, briefly stated, is embraced in what is termed a 'select list,' under which it is proposed to include merchant steamers which would meet certain requirements in the direction of increased bulkheads and water-tight compartments, with the object of rendering ships less vulnerable in the event of being struck by shot or shell." With regard to this, Mr. Burns observes that no recompense, beyond the official *imprimatur*, is offered to shipowners for making their ships fit to be placed on this list, and that, as in most cases alterations would be necessary, considerable expense would have to be incurred in order to have a vessel placed on the proposed register, without the certainty of any return whatever. He also states that many of the great steamship Companies would find that a certain number of their vessels were fit to be placed on the list, but that others, through no fault in their construction, but owing to the nature of the service for which they were intended, were not, and that it would be very disadvantageous for a Company to place some of its ships on a public list from which others, perhaps the greater number,

would be excluded. Mr. Burns further points out that a probable consequence of the publication of such a list would be to enable the owners of the vessels placed on it to combine for the purpose of raising the rates of hire in the event of a war; and he finally condemns the Admiralty plan as "nebulous," and quite inadequate for bringing about the desired result of strengthening the naval power of the country by the acquisition of a number of the most powerful merchant steamers.

Perhaps the scheme does not deserve so sweeping a censure. Whatever may be the objections to the proposed register, it is clear that the recent surveys must have enabled the Admiralty to ascertain what steamers now belonging to the merchant service could be made fit for warfare, and that the information thus obtained might have enabled the authorities to take very prompt measures had war been declared. At the same time, there can be little doubt that a more systematic and carefully considered plan than that put forward is required if the Admiralty is to be able to strengthen the navy at any time by adding to it some of the most powerful merchant steamers; and Mr. Burns makes some proposals with regard to this matter which, though not so clearly stated as might be wished, are certainly well worthy of consideration. He says that it would not be practicable to deal with the general body of shipowners, and that "a satisfactory system could only be matured and carried into effect by suitable arrangements being made with companies owning large fleets of well-equipped vessels," as these companies "possess facilities bearing upon shore accommodation, official discipline among the crews, and other important appointments" which would be "invaluable to the nation were they called into requisition by the Government in the event of war, or other emergency." What he has therefore to propose is apparently that there should be a reserve of ships formed from the fleets of the great Companies, and—in addition of course to the present Naval Reserve—a special reserve of men consisting of seamen in the employment of the Companies, who would be trained to the use of arms and go through gunnery drill on board vessels of the Royal Navy stationed at the respective home ports of the Companies. The Admiralty would have the right, in the event of war, of purchasing or chartering the ships "at a rate of hire to be mutually agreed on"—i.e. of course to be agreed on before the ships were taken into the reserve—and the Companies would undertake, in the event of war, to release the men from all engagements to them, so that they might be employed in the Queen's service. In return, the Companies would receive annual payments from the Government.

As has been said, the suggestions of Mr. Burns are not very clearly stated. A part of his project is to combine the establishment of a reserve of ships with a considerable increase in the number of postal steamers, and to substitute the annual payments for the present subsidies; but this portion of his plan is insufficiently explained. One of the objections which he makes to the list proposed by the Admiralty—namely, that the Companies would be unwilling to condemn by inference those of their ships which were not placed on it—applies also to the plan of a reserve, and he does not suggest any means by which this difficulty could be got over. He also fails to give any idea as to the features of construction which might be expected to mark all vessels forming the reserve, not saying whether it would be practicable to have ships fit to be immediately converted into men-of-war, or merely to have ships which could be made suitable for warfare with a moderate amount of alteration. Despite some obscurity in statement, however, there can be no doubt that his scheme is well worthy of attention, for it seems highly probable that the adoption of a plan based to some extent on what he suggests would enable the Government to utilize, in the event of war, the huge and powerful steamers which our merchant fleet possesses. These vessels might form an auxiliary naval force of great value, and none could be better adapted for the work of chasing down the piratical cruisers which, in spite of all due vigilance, would probably succeed in escaping from neutral ports to prey on the commerce of Great Britain.

FLOWERS AND TREES IN LONDON AND PARIS.

FOREIGNERS who visit London at this time of year are puzzled to account for the absence of flowers from our streets and squares. After the arid plains of Picardy and Artois through which they have travelled to the Channel, the verdant loveliness of Kent impresses itself indelibly on their minds, and makes the contrast of London all the greater. This greenness of England is, in fact, a characteristic underrated at home. How many countries of the world have to cultivate grass as we cultivate corn, where nothing seems to grow of itself, and where the smooth carpet of a well-shaved lawn can only be distantly imitated. But it is the beauty of uncultivated land which is most impressive. The sea-sick traveller enters the train on Dover pier after a shivering glance at the white cliffs and the whiter foam which dashes at their feet. Then he is plunged into temporary night and perhaps takes a furtive sleep as the grey dawn grows into morning. When he first really opens his eyes to the English landscape it is presented to him in its loveliest aspect. The sun disperses the morning mists as he enters the valley of the Medway. Wide green fields, of a greenness of which he has only dreamed before, bounded by hedgerows of ancient trees such as wars and revolutions and wood fires have made so rare on the Continent, red chimneys rising from tiled roofs, the fields everywhere dotted with sheep

and cattle, make him think himself in a Fairyland which cannot last, and he looks in vain for the boundaries which he fancies must be closely drawn around such a paradise. All too soon he is among the squalid villas and smoky factories of Southern London, and drives along miles of streets unshaded by a single tree, and without a flower more attractive than the withered cauliflower in the green-grocers' windows. The freshest nosegays he can obtain are faded, and their perfume is chiefly that of old hay. Like poor Peggy in Hood's verses, he learns in London to hate the smell of roses, and thinks with regret of the dry but flowery South. At Naples a single franc will buy him such a bouquet as he can hardly carry. The street corners of Valletta are marked with kiosks full of orange-flowers and lilies and violets. At Verona he can have a basket of yellow carnations for less money than he must pay in London for a single pink. It is not that on the Continent trees and flowers are more easily cultivated than with us—rather the reverse; for watering in summer requires immense labour and a large outlay. There are flowers which grow as well in the suburbs of London as anywhere in the world; and there are some species which, if properly selected and trained for the purpose, would bear a smoky atmosphere as well as a clear one. As it is, the window-gardens of the West-End have greatly improved in the past few years, but one tires even of stocks and mignonette; and there is surely some hope that our London gardeners will be able to invent a fresh combination before long.

It is not, however, in our window-gardens as much as in our squares and parks that flowers are wanted. It is constantly objected, when a comparison is drawn between London and Paris to the disparagement of London, that there is such a difference in the climate that we cannot argue from one to the other. This idea, however, if we may trust Mr. Robinson, is a mistake. In the *Parks and Gardens of Paris* (Macmillan), of which a new and greatly enlarged edition has just been issued, he gives us some statistics which would rather go to prove that London is in some respects better for flowers and trees than Paris. People who have lived in Paris for a winter and spring will be able to compare notes with their London friends and to recall probably quite as many fogs, quite as many days of east wind. The idea that Paris is superior in salubrity, dryness, and heat arises no doubt from the fact that most visitors to the French capital choose the autumn for their journey. But have such travellers ever tried August and September in London? The same clear air, the same cloudless sky, and, then, if not sooner, the same display of flowers in the public recreation grounds may be seen. A recent tourist complains in his book of Dublin that it seemed but half alive at his visit, and that grass was growing between some paving-stones in Sackville Street; but he neglects to say that he had never been in Ireland in March or April, and knew as little of Dublin in the season as of London out of the season. Mr. Robinson, who is not an observer of this superficial order, remarks that the Londoner who sees Paris on a fine day in August has no notion what it will be like on a cold and cloudy day in November; and he adds some figures to show that the supposed superiority of the climate of Paris over that of London has very little or no foundation in fact. The mean temperature of Paris, taken from a series of official and private observations running over thirty-six years, may be set down as 51°55' F. For a similar period the average of observations taken in London gives a result of 50°50' F. The mean temperature of Paris, therefore, is just over one degree higher than that of London; while in the winter months the difference is only half a degree. The amount of rainfall, too, is not very dissimilar, although "any unprejudiced person would feel inclined to give it as his opinion that the number of rainy days in London greatly exceeded those in Paris." With these facts before us it is impossible not to hope for a little more attention on the part of those in authority to the possibility of making our streets pleasant with trees and our squares and parks with flowers. It is a common error that "trees will not thrive in town." They flourish in Paris. Why not in London? The planes in Berkeley Square are finer than any in Paris; but it is the custom in France to plant trees with care, to give them good soil, and to spend money in watering them. After all, they have no such examples as may be found, not in the West-end only, but in the narrow inclosures of the City. Stationers' Hall Court is beautified with a tree worthy of the Dukeries. There is quite a sylvan shade within a hundred yards of the Bank. Everybody knows the big tree in Cheapside. The deciduous trees flourish better than evergreens, and grow nearly as well in the town as in the country. Mr. Robinson objects to evergreens in towns; they do not keep time, he asserts, with our suns and seasons, and do not gladden us with that floral and changing beauty which deciduous trees are wont to put on. It is a pity, from this point of view, that so much money should be spent on evergreens and annuals in our parks, where they are shortlived and not always pleasant to look upon. In each great park a certain small portion should every year be thoroughly cleared, prepared, and planted. We should thus secure a perpetual succession of trees in the prime of life, and earn the thanks, if we care for them, of posterity. If one-fifth of the means and skill now spent on forcing-houses for tender plants were spent in planting and cultivating hardy trees, our London parks in the course of a very few years would become the finest *arboretum* of its kind in the world, for there is no city where deciduous trees thrive better, and "no city with the same grand opportunities for planting."

In Paris, though the impression of the traveller, like his impression about the climate, would probably be far otherwise, there are

no fine trees. This is rather the fault of the Parisians themselves than of their climate. Revolutions are fatal to vegetation. Barricades and street fighting are incompatible with luxuriant foliage. As the Hon. W. Spencer wrote half a century ago—according, at least, to the *Rejected Addresses*—

The tree of freedom is the British oak.

But the Paris trees suffer from another, and what we cannot but consider an analogous, cause. The system of management pursued is based apparently on an idea that trees, like soldiers, are best arranged in close order, "or, like the poor fellows who find a last rest in the Fosse Commune, without any earth between the boxes." They are everywhere planted close together, and are starved to death for want of room above and below. The "demolitions" occasionally reveal a fine tree growing in a narrow court, and we have seen some fair specimens in a garden in the Quartier St. Germain, so there is no reason to suppose that they will not, but only that they cannot, grow. The best tree, both in Paris and in London, is unquestionably the plane. It thrives equally in England, France, Italy, and America; and nowhere are there finer examples of the kind than in London. Though it grows fast it seems to live long. No one has seen a plane in decay. In this respect it is infinitely superior to the lime, which looks miserable even in July with its withered leaves rustling upon the branches and prematurely "whispering the coming death of the year in our ears before we have half enjoyed the summer." Mr. Robinson suggests the horse-chestnut for town, and follows Cobbett in praise of the "Locust tree," or Robinia, which no drought seems to affect. It is the Robinia or a nearly allied species which has been planted with such pleasing results in the suburbs of Cairo and Alexandria, where it is kept alive with a fitful watering which would only parch up anything else. We use the elm too much in our London parks. It is always falling into decay, ages soon, and looks unsightly. A large-leaved elm, with which the Boulevard St. Michel at Paris has been planted, is more successful. We cannot agree with Mr. Robinson in liking the tall poplar, even in cities. It is very likely to become scraggy, and the better it flourishes the more it resembles the funeral cypress. He does not mention the Eucalyptus. It grows fast, only too fast, and, if all we hear of it is true, would be as useful as it is ornamental. One beautiful tree, or rather shrub, which is everywhere abundant in Paris, we seldom see in London. This is the lilac. About the beginning of May all Paris is in flower with lilacs. The plants there are too much crowded and too much trained and clipped; here, where we have so many gardens in squares, we could give the lilac room, grouping the trees naturally on grassy slopes or mounds. A very little pruning or thinning of the branches would ensure a vigorous bloom. Mr. Robinson recommends the forming of groves of various kinds, and enumerates the names of nearly fifty varieties; but in England we have seldom any except the large purple and a small white, known as the Persian. In France every shade from deep purple to pure white is to be seen with the largest flowers. The production of these blossoms was long a secret with two Parisian gardeners, being carried on by means of dark forcing houses, in which the flower came to perfection without seeing the colour-giving sun. Of late years it has been found that white flowers may also be obtained merely by rapid forcing, without reference to light, and that shades and tints may be modified by a little care and skill in the application of the heat. Cut branches even may be made to yield a white flower, if properly managed. Some attention having been directed to the subject in England, we may hope oftener to see in our public gardens the fine dark green foliage and rich clusters of blossom.

THE NONCONFORMIST JUBILEE.

IT is hardly six weeks since an address was presented to Lord Russell, who was not however able to receive it in person, on the occurrence of the fiftieth anniversary of the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Since then the veteran statesman has passed away, but his memory was honoured last Tuesday at the banquet held at the Cannon Street Hotel to commemorate the anniversary, not of the actual repeal, but of the banquet held to celebrate it in 1828. We took occasion from the address to Lord Russell to offer some remarks on the political bearings of the question, and especially on the part he had himself played in achieving what is termed the great triumph of "civil and religious liberty." Lord Granville, who occupied the chair at Cannon Street the other day, only showed his usual tact in confining himself mainly to the historical aspect of what has long ceased to be a burning question for the present generation, and can hardly be supposed to stir any very profound feeling now among either the victors or the vanquished in an inevitable but inglorious strife. Religious toleration in these days "understands itself," as our neighbours say; there is no longer any serious dispute about the principle among the professors of any creed, though there are of course differences of opinion as to the application of the principle. In other words, nobody defends intolerance, as such, but some persons have notions of what constitutes toleration or intolerance which to others may suggest the familiar petition to be delivered from "the illiberality of Liberals." When Lord Granville, towards the close of his speech, like preachers at the end of their sermons, felt bound to make "a practical application of the

subject," he does not seem to us to have been very happy in his selection of a point to dwell upon. But there is little to provoke controversy in the general drift of his address. While, however, no one desires to reimpose the Test and Corporation Acts, or to inflict civil disabilities of any kind on dissentients from the Established Church, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, it is very possible, and perhaps not uncommon, to form an erroneous and therefore unjust estimate of such enactments in the past. No doubt, as Lord Granville observed, the zealous and persistent maintenance of these Acts for so many years was both absurd and unjust—doubly absurd indeed as regards Protestant Dissenters after a practice had come in, which lasted for nearly a century, of passing an annual Act of Indemnity which practically removed some of the principal restrictions placed upon them. But it is only fair to remark that the idea of toleration, though it has now come to be looked upon as an elementary truism on all sides, was no less distinctly repudiated on all sides and in all countries in the seventeenth century, except occasionally by the weaker party, who found it convenient for the moment to appeal to a principle which they would have been the first to repudiate had their position been reversed. Roman Catholics and Protestants, Churchmen and Dissenters, persecuted each other alike, as long as they saw a chance of gaining anything by persecution. In England both Catholics and Protestants still celebrate the memory of the Marian or Elizabethan "martyrs" respectively, and if Dissent was suppressed with a high hand under Charles I., the use of the Anglican Prayerbook was forbidden under heavy penalties the very day he was laid in his grave.

In the next place it must be borne in mind that there were special reasons in English history to explain, if not to excuse, the particular enactments which were repealed fifty years ago with what has since at least become the general consent of the nation. Lord Granville himself touched on the point, though he hardly treated it as fully as might seem to be required for its elucidation:—

We know that these Acts followed others of an intolerant and persecuting character. On the restoration of Charles II. the first was directed, not against the general body of Dissenters, but with the political and temporary view of getting rid of individual placemen. The second Act, passed twelve years later, was extorted from the King from a feeling of suspicion against him and the heir to the Crown, and directed, in fact and in words, against the Roman Catholics.

It was not unnatural at the period of the Restoration that there should be a strong feeling against the wisdom of entrusting Non-conformists with equal political rights. And the same remark applies to the second Act, specially directed against Roman Catholics. The real Gunpowder Plot under James I., though now known to have been the work of a small clique of obscure fanatics, was universally believed at the time to have the sanction of the highest ecclesiastical authorities; and the spurious "Popish Plot" under Charles II., though a pure creation of the fertile brain of the unscrupulous Titus Oates, excited a no less widespread and genuine alarm, and was commemorated long after its exposure by the column which like "a tall bully lifts its head and lies." It is remarkable however that even in those days voices were raised against the unwisdom of an intolerant policy, and that in what might be thought the unlikelyst quarters. Samuel Parker, who was made Bishop of Oxford by James II. in 1686, was a friend of Archbishop Sheldon and member of the Royal Society, and appears to have been a High Churchman as well as a man of liberal culture. But he published in 1688 *Reasons for Abrogating the Test*, which attracted considerable attention at the time, with a special view to the denial of Transubstantiation imposed for the exclusion of Roman Catholics. And it must further be admitted that there is some truth in what Lord Melbourne is reported to have said in reference to the results of Catholic Emancipation—"The worst of it is that the fools were right after all." In a certain sense those who argued that the proposal to repeal the tests was "revolutionary and fatal to the Constitution," and that these "bulwarks" were "absolutely necessary for the preservation of the Church," had the best of the argument. We do not mean that any revolution has followed, or that the Church of England is not in many ways, and those the most vital to its spiritual efficiency, much stronger than it was fifty years ago. But we do mean that the advocates of repeal who urged that when once these tests were abolished all ground of jealousy would be removed, and Roman Catholic and Dissenter would thenceforth unite to form—according to the famous simile applied to Lord Eldon—buttresses if not pillars of the Establishment, have proved to be wrong; while those who predicted that the first concession would only pave the way for a second and a third, and would whet instead of satisfying the appetite of the claimants for relief, have turned out to be right. This was indeed inevitable from the nature of the case. To suppose that Dissenters, after being admitted into Parliament, could be expected or pledged never to demand admission into the Universities, or that Roman Catholics, when free to exercise their own judgment in voting on every other question, could be bound over for all time never to give an adverse vote on any question affecting the interests, or supposed interests, of the Established Church, was obviously unreasonable. In the latter case indeed special pledges were required, with very questionable wisdom, which were of course binding on the consciences of those who personally accepted them, but which certainly could not, in equity any more than in law, be held to bind their successors. And accordingly those who considered—as many did consider at the time—that the position of a national

Church could only be secured by placing its prerogatives beyond the reach of interference from any who were not its own members, were consistent in opposing all relaxation of existing tests. It is generally felt now that a security which can only be preserved in this artificial manner is not to be desired, but neither party, or at least the leaders of neither party, exactly professed to lay down so broad a principle then. And from the point of view on which the question was very generally argued by both alike, the defeated party may plead now, with some show of reason, that their forecast has been justified by the event.

It is then perfectly true that no principle of finality can be laid down in such matters, in the sense of striking a bargain with those who claim what they hold to be their just rights that, if their demand is complied with, they shall claim nothing more for the future. But it does not follow that, because one claim has been satisfied on the score of justice, every subsequent claim, whether just or not, shall be conceded also, especially if it is not as jurists say, *in pari materia*. It is one thing, for instance, to abolish all restrictions on the municipal or Parliamentary powers of Nonconformists; it is quite another to permit their services to be solemnized in Anglican churchyards. The one is a question of civil rights, the other of religious equality. It may or may not be expedient to concede the latter demand; that is too wide a question to enter upon parenthetically here. What we desire to point out is that, whether its acceptance be expedient or not, Mr. Osborne Morgan's Burial Bill must be discussed on its own merits, and cannot be attached, as Lord Granville seems to think, as a rider to the abolition of the Test and Corporation Acts. The claim of Nonconformists to the use of consecrated churchyards could hardly indeed be admitted, as matter of right, on any theory compatible with the maintenance of an Established Church. There are those of course who think an Established Church inconsistent with the principle of religious liberty, like Mr. E. Jenkins, on whose curious lucubrations we commented not long ago. And this is probably Mr. H. Richard's view, who expressed a hope, in his speech at Cannon Street, that he might "live to see the day when the Church would be freed from the burden and incumbrance of State patronage and control," which is the recognized euphemism of the Liberation Society for Disestablishment. That again is far too wide a question to be discussed at the far end of an article; but, like the Burials Bill, it must be decided on its own merits when it comes into discussion, and even less than the Burials Bill can it be settled offhand by reference to the abolition of tests. Mr. Forster, though he followed Lord Granville in his reference to the Burials Bill—which was probably dictated, like Mr. Goschen's closing remarks, rather by the desire to find a programme for the Liberal party in its present disorganized state than by any scrupulous regard for logical consistency—did not of course follow Mr. Richard in his still more illogical introduction of the subject of disestablishment. We are all agreed that the citizens of a free country should be at liberty to adopt whatever form of belief or unbelief commends itself to their conscience, without any prejudice to their civil rights. We are not all agreed that the civil rights of dissenters are infringed by leaving the nation at liberty to maintain an Established Church, if it pleases. That is the point where "the political Dissenters" of our own day part company with many who heartily sympathize with their efforts fifty years ago for the redress of what was really a grievance, and who still feel able with full sincerity to profess and call themselves Liberals.

THE CRIMINAL CODE.

II.

BEFORE entering on the consideration of the provisions of the Code as to Parties to the Commission of Offences, we must revert for a moment to a section imported from the Indian Penal Code, a system which, as being an example of criminal codification in satisfactory working in a portion of our own dominions, has naturally afforded a model and storehouse of materials for the compilation of a Code for home use. Section 26 enacts that "nothing shall be deemed to be an offence which appears to the court having cognizance of the matter to be of too little importance to be treated as such, or if the justice before whom the case is brought for inquiry is of opinion that there are circumstances which render it inexpedient to inflict any punishment"; the latter portion not being altogether new, since power was conferred upon justices by an Act of 1855 of dismissing persons charged with larceny without proceeding to conviction, if circumstances seemed to render such a course advisable. The multiplicity of cases in which even a criminal legal liability may exist without definite moral wrong would fully justify the extension of this principle in its entirety to trials in the superior courts, and possibly it was the intention of Sir James Stephen so to extend it; but the language of the Code would seem to involve a restriction of the powers accorded to the higher tribunal from which the lower one is freed. The instances in which the opinion of a judge has found expression in a nominal sentence have usually occurred in relation to offences unquestionably important in themselves—such, for example, as manslaughter; when, either on account of peculiar circumstances attendant on the offence, or of the length of imprisonment undergone by the culprit while awaiting trial, the judge has come to the conclusion that justice does not call for any further punishment.

The present practice in such cases is to inflict one day's imprisonment, which at assizes, as it dates from the opening of the commission, implies the prisoner's immediate discharge; but, for the sake of the dignity of the law, it would be well if this mockery could be dispensed with by definitely recognizing the judge's discretion in such matters, and providing for its exercise in terms similar to those used with reference to justices.

Coming now to deal with the question of Parties to the Commission of Offences, we find that the Code proposes to do away with such distinctions as still exist between principals in the first and second degree and accessories before the fact. It has been hitherto considered worth while to retain these denominations as indicating respectively the person who actually commits the offence, the person who, being present, actually or constructively, aids and abets its commission, and the person at whose instigation, persuasion, or compulsion the offence is committed, he not being himself present, either personally or constructively, at its actual commission. All practical boundary between these theoretical refinements has long since been removed, inasmuch as in all cases principals in the second degree—and, in those crimes in which the existence of accessories before the fact is recognized, such accessories—are triable and punishable in precisely the same manner as the principal offender. But, by a rule rational enough perhaps in its inception, but which the erratic development of the law has rendered somewhat arbitrary, there can be no accessories before the fact in treason, the heinousness of that offence causing all persons concerned in its commission to be regarded as principals; and there can be none in misdemeanours, because misdemeanours are supposed to be of too little importance to admit of such refined distinctions. It is therefore open to any one consolidating the law to treat all persons who participate in any offence in any one of these three specified ways as principal offenders, and this is what the Code does. It provides that every one shall be deemed to be a party to an offence who actually commits it or takes part in its actual commission, either personally or by an innocent agent, who aids or abets any other person in its actual commission, or who directly or indirectly incites any other person to commit it, assigning an appropriate definition to the term "incites." With this branch of the existing law therefore the Code has dealt rather by way of consolidation and simplification than of introducing any radical change; but the alteration is not the less satisfactory. The same method is pursued with regard to accessories after the fact, the punishment for such complicity being collected from a variety of statutes and embodied in a short and comprehensive section, which is also contrived so as to cover attempts and conspiracies to commit offences.

We now come to the second part of the Bill, which treats of offences against public order, internal and external. First in the list, as befits its high importance, comes the offence of high treason, as to which Sir James Stephen retains the existing law, merely eliminating therefrom such antiquated and unnecessary portions as render it high treason to "slay the Chancellor or the Treasurer, or the King's justices of the one Bench or the other, justices in eyre or justices of assize, and all other justices assigned to hear and determine being in their places doing their offices," or to use within the Queen's dominions any bull or indulgence from the Pope to such as will forsake their allegiance. It could afford little consolation to the relatives of a judge murdered in the discharge of his duty to know that the murderer might be dealt with by the cumbrous procedure of a trial for high treason, and, if the Queen particularly so directed, be beheaded instead of hanged; while, despite recent changes in our judicial system, the section above quoted would appear to confer an invidious distinction on Common Law judges over those of the Chancery division. The other artificial form of high treason which we have mentioned has been practically done away with before now, and there seems no reason why the shadow should remain after the substance has departed. Accessories after the fact to high treason have hitherto been treated as principal traitors, and, as such, punishable with death; a Draconic severity which the Code proposes to mitigate to penal servitude for life, reducible, of course, to a shorter term. The provisions of the Bill as to treasonable conspiracies, incitements to mutiny, assaults on the Queen, and offences of a like nature, are merely those of the existing law, consolidated and compressed into more convenient form. Chapter VI. includes a branch of the law interesting as relating to the approaching trials of the persons now in custody for participating in the late riots in Lancashire. The existing differences between an unlawful assembly, a rout, and a riot, are well shown by one of those felicitous illustrations in which Sir James Stephen's *Digest of Criminal Law*, published last year, abounds:—

A. B. and C. met at A.'s house for the purpose of beating D., who lives a mile off. They then go together to D., and there beat him. At A.'s house the meeting is an unlawful assembly, on the road it is a rout, and when the attack is made upon D. it is a riot.—*Digest*, art. 72.

Routs are merged by the Code into unlawful assemblies, the definition of which brings us to one of those omissions in the Code to which we referred in a former article, being of an offence constituted by an otherwise purely civil act. Assemblies for the purpose of smuggling are not held "with intent to commit any offence by open force," or likely to be so conducted "as to give persons in the neighbourhood of such assembly reasonable grounds to apprehend a breach of the peace in consequence of such assembly"; but such assemblies are made heavily punishable by the Customs Laws Consolidation Act of 1876. Passing over a variety of sections by which the existing law is left intact, we come to Section 57. the

object of which is to place on a more reasonable footing the law as to violations of the privileges accorded to ambassadors and diplomatic agents. By a statute of 7 Anne, passed in order to mollify the wrath of Peter the Great on the well-known occasion of his envoy's being arrested for debt, any person acting in contravention of such ambassadorial privilege is rendered liable to such pains, penalties, and corporal punishment as the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice of England, and the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, or any two of them, shall judge fit to be imposed and inflicted—a latitude of punishment for which the Code substitutes imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for not more than two years. We are somewhat surprised to find no mention under this head of the Code, which would be its proper place, or elsewhere, of that important class of offences which consists of infringements of the Foreign Enlistment Act 1870, by fitting out naval and military expeditions against the dominions of friendly States, building or equipping ships for the service of foreign belligerents, or accepting service in their forces. The Statute of 1870, which superseded earlier ones to the like effect, can scarcely be considered as a merely civil enactment inflicting incidental penalties, since all its sections are occupied with creating and defining certain offences, and apportioning punishment thereto. Of course its ultimate object is not merely to create criminal offences, but to ensure the preservation of friendly relations with foreign States; still the constitution of offences by any statute, however purely criminal, is only the means to an end—namely, the safety of person or property. Moreover, the Code includes under a subsequent heading the various statutory provisions against corrupt practices at elections, the Acts relating to which are, to our thinking, at least as much of a civil nature as the Foreign Enlistment Act. The sections of the Code which relate to piracy need only be mentioned in order to notice that the disputed question as to whether persons cruising in armed vessels with intent to commit piracies are pirates, and liable to be dealt with as such before they have committed any act of violence, is settled in the affirmative by a special sub-section; Sir James Stephen adhering to the opinion expressed by him in a note to Section 104 of his *Digest*, that “a pirate is the name of a known class of persons, like a soldier or sailor, and a man may be a pirate though he has never actually robbed, as he may be a soldier though he has not actually fought.” By judicious arrangement and adjustment of punishment, the somewhat vague distinction between piracy by the law of nations and by statute is done away with, and slave-trading is hereafter to constitute an offence by itself, instead of being treated as statutory piracy, while the application of the Extradition Act to such offences is carefully provided for in Section 68.

Part III. of the Code comprises “offences by, and against, public officers, and against the administration of Justice”; public officer being defined to mean “a person invested with authority to execute any public duty and legally bound to do so, but not any member of either House of Parliament, or any ecclesiastical, naval, or military officer acting in the discharge of duties, for the due discharge of which he can be made accountable only by an ecclesiastical, naval, or military court.” The offences cognizable by the law on the part of such persons are collected under the heads of “extortion and oppression,” “frauds and breaches of trust by officers,” “neglect of official duty,” “refusal to serve an office”; while a section adopted from the Indian Penal Code extends the penalties for accepting bribes, hitherto only applicable to judicial officers, to all other public servants. The law as to neglect of official duty has had a somewhat too wide interpretation put upon it by judicial decisions, and, as laid down in the authorities quoted by Sir James Stephen in his *Digest*, would make it a misdemeanour in a clerk in a Government office to break any office rule. The Code therefore restricts the criminal liability of public servants in this respect to wilful neglect of duty whereby the public peace is broken or not restored or maintained, or whereby the persons or property of Her Majesty's subjects are endangered. The subject of Section 74 borders on that theoretical class of offences of which we spoke as consisting of mere disobedience to civil statutes, such disobedience being recognized by the law as an offence when the act which is done or committed in contravention of the statute concerns the public or any part of the public. The terms of the section are wide enough to meet the somewhat improbable event of this being the only head under which an offence could be tried and punished. Many of the sections in this part of the Code seem to need no particular notice, as they do not import any change into the definition of existing offences or the treatment of them, but merely put the present law into a concise and serviceable form—one of the advantages of a Code on which we have previously dwelt. The term “perjury” does not occur in the Code, but the giving false evidence is constituted an offence in terms which include perjury and the making false statutory declarations. An important innovation is involved in the punishment awarded for the offence of giving false evidence, based on the much discussed question of the proper retribution on a man who has morally committed or attempted murder by swearing away another's life. The present extreme penalty for perjury is seven years' penal servitude; but the Code enacts that a person who gives false evidence shall be liable to penal servitude for life, if the false evidence was given in order to procure the conviction of any person for any crime for which he would be liable upon conviction to be sentenced to death or penal servitude; while the same punishment is allowed where the false evidence was given in order to obtain for the offender, or

enable him to retain, anything of the value of 100*l.* or upwards. We fully agree with the principle contained in the first part of this provision, and the second clause might be useful in the undesirable contingency of another Tichborne case, although at first sight the concatenation of offences the extreme cases of which might indicate such very different degrees of depravity appears strange. But the punishment is of course an adjustable one, and a wholesome deterrent to future “claimants” is by no means a bad thing. The inadequacy of the punishment awardable to the defendant in the notorious case just referred to led some people to inquire whether the multitude of false statements made on oath could not somehow be made the ground of further punishment as individual perjuries; or whether, to speak somewhat figuratively, the offence consisted in breaking the oath, and it did not matter into how many pieces you broke it. The latter seems, according to the authorities, to be the correct view, and the Code declares it to be so. Other sections of this part impose a properly severe punishment on the dangerous offence of conspiring to bring false accusations, which has hitherto been very insufficiently provided for in this respect, and rectify the anomaly in the present state of the law which recognizes conspiracy to defeat justice as an offence, but does not specifically deal with similar attempts by a single person, except when they take the form of hindering or dissuading witnesses from appearing to give evidence. The law as to agreements not to prosecute in cases of felony has got to be in a somewhat anomalous and involved condition. In some cases, of course, the compounding a felony would be a grave offence; in others, where the felony involves legal rather than moral culpability, compensation to the injured party is the most desirable method of settling the matter. Yet the law theoretically sees no distinction, and the Code wisely takes the opportunity of the proposed abolition of the distinction between felonies and other offences to provide for the authorization of such arrangements by a court or judge. The concluding section of this part abolishes the effects of offences of maintenance, champerty, and common barratry, the first of which consists in assisting the plaintiff in any legal proceeding in which the person giving the assistance has no valuable interest, or in which he acts from any improper motive. Why a rich man may not help a poor one to obtain his rights in a legitimate way, or why persons should not contribute to enable a question of principle to be tried, it is hard to see; and the offence, if offence it be, is committed every day by the most virtuous and respectable persons. Champerty is maintenance in which the motive is an agreement that, if the proceeding in which the maintenance takes place succeeds, the subject-matter of the suit shall be divided between the plaintiff and the maintainer. This might lead to wrong sometimes; but, as people are likely only to take up good cases on such terms, not much harm is likely to accrue from the permission for them to do so. A common barrator is one who habitually moves, excites, or maintains suits or quarrels either at law or otherwise. So long as such a one confines himself to the law and does not stray into the indefinite “otherwise,” he must be regarded, by lawyers at least, as a person to be very specially approved and encouraged rather than punished, and the proposed rehabilitation of his character ought to be warmly hailed in the Temple and Lincoln's Inn.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

VII.

THE English exhibitors in the Champ de Mars have perhaps made the best appearance that could have been expected, considering that the enthusiasm for such competitions is on the decline. The makers of costly furniture have, between their stalls and the charming little houses in the central façade, an excellent show. Messrs. Holland should have been noticed by us in reviewing these productions. That firm shows a number of pieces of polished satin-wood furniture painted with borders, medallions, cameos, and other ornament after the manner of Cipriani, Angelica Kauffmann, and other artists of the beginning of the present century. It has, no doubt, cost the Commissioners no small trouble to get together as good a representation of our national industry as they have succeeded in obtaining. And, whatever may be our deficiencies in point of exterior attractiveness, these are fully counterbalanced by a remarkable display in the portion of the Exhibition assigned to India. The Prince of Wales has been the moving spirit of this valuable collection, which forms almost a distinct section of the English division. Not only has he sent all his treasures, whether presented or purchased during his visit to India, but he has succeeded in getting them placed in the great Vestibule of the building; and he has employed Mr. Purdon Clarke, an enthusiast in Oriental art, as his architect for the structure in which a large number of the Indian carpets and other productions are shown to the best advantage, and a *vates sacer*, Dr. George Birdwood of the India Office, to write a learned and exhaustive treatise by way of handbook to the collection. This unpretending work is much more than a mere guide to the objects actually seen; it gives a succinct, but learned, sketch of the history of the natural productions, arts, and manufactures of all India.

It is not only one or two countries or States that are represented in the Vestibule, but a vast agglomeration of nations, tribes, and capitals, the traditional homes of many of the arts which have enriched Europe from the earliest dawn of

Western civilization. A number of these cities and tribes still practise their old crafts almost unchanged from time immemorial. Much interest was shown in Paris in anticipation of the wonders which were expected when this part of the show should be opened. Indian productions carefully selected had been seen before, but the Prince was known to have had many curious and costly offerings made to him, some of them of great historical interest, and the peculiar circumstances of his tour had no parallel in modern history. Then "the East" is wrapt in a cloud of mystery; the barbaric splendour of courts and palaces, armour, jewels, and precious tissues, such as never were seen in Europe even in the showiest periods of the middle ages, provoked no small curiosity. It was to be a fairy picture, a vision of the Arabian Nights. If the cave of Aladdin is not quite equalled by the gold and jewels set out in the Prince's collection, it is still an astonishing display. There are some offerings more rich than beautiful, and some classes of very fine Indian manufactures are only partially illustrated. Of course this particular collection, as it consists of gifts and purchases, makes no pretension to be a complete and scientific illustration of Indian productions.

A number of carpets and woollen textiles are exhibited by the great London importers, Messrs. Vincent Robinson and Co., Farmer and Rogers, Watson and Bontor, as well as by the Maharajah of Cashmere. They include, besides carpets, rich tissues and embroidery. The statue of the Prince of Wales by Boehm (a cast), is set up in the middle of the space; and a long domed wooden structure, painted Indian red with copper domes, contains little chambers fitted with projecting oriel windows and divans, and various other subdivisions, in which the use of embroidery on cushions, curtains, &c., can be shown to the best advantage. This is no small addition to the arrangements, for much of the embroidery imported is only fitted for the use of seats, alcoves, and recesses, as they are disposed in Oriental rooms. An interesting model of an Indian palace shown in one of the cases, from which trellised excrescences jut out on every possible side and corner, will illustrate these arrangements on a large scale. The carpets shown in the wooden house are of excellent design and quality; indeed they are the very finest that can be imported. The best pile carpets are made at Cashmere; in Afghanistan, of which there is a very fine specimen; in the Punjab, Beloochistan, and Scinde—some of the latter coarse, and of little value, but well coloured; at Agra, Mirzapore, Jubbulpore, Hyderabad, and Warangal in the Nizam's dominion; and at Malabar and Masulipatam. Velvet carpets are made at Benares and Moorshedabad; the silk pile carpets, so rarely imported, at Tanjore and Salem. A large collection of gold and silver work, chiefly vases, tea services, &c., presented by potentates or cities, is shown in cases. The most elegant are the chased vases of Cashmere, covered with delicate shawl patterns; some of these are gold, others silver gilt, silver parcel gilt, or silver. A tea-service from Madras, of solid gold, is made after modern Birmingham fashions, and cannot be commended except for the massiveness of the gold, the weight of which is prodigious. Some lighter work—a dessert service from Madras—is charming. Silver hammered work from Cutch and Lucknow is rich and good. Some beautiful Burmese *repoussé* silver work is contributed by Lord Northbrook. The Indian gold jewelry is of the finest and most delicate filigree and soldered work, of the same make as that of the old Greek and Etruscan goldsmiths, revived by Signor Castellani. The choicer examples will be seen in a glass case exhibited by that artist. They have been brought from India and Ceylon, as models, no doubt. Amongst these objects, in the Prince's collection, there are massive collars or rings, picturesque and rich in decoration, sometimes worn on the legs of Indian women, nose-rings, earrings, chains, &c., in many varieties.

The French were eager to see the Prince's precious stones; no doubt they expected strings of rubies and emeralds of the size of plums and pears. The Indian stones, however, are not generally of great value. Most of them are "tallow cut"—i.e. not faceted; often they are very inferior in transparency; but they are set in great numbers on the hilts of arms and on all sorts of precious metal-work, and always with effect. One fine diamond of long shape forms the fastening of a sword-belt. The richest piece of jewelry is a gold hair-comb set with pearls, brilliants, and fine Jeypore enamel. Much curious and interesting brass-work is exhibited—bowls, dishes, trays, and curious figure-work. That of Madura and Tanjore is of the greatest excellence. Tin soldered on brass in patterns and stamped designs is effectively worked at Moradabad. Mixed metal-work of this kind helped out by black lac inlay is exhibited by Lord Northbrook. The gold damascening known as *koof*-work is of great beauty. It is best seen on helmets, breast-plates, and shields, and in some instances on the barrels of guns and rifles. The old work is rich and elegant, inlaid in thin, liny patterns, sometimes with animals at intervals. It is still practised, and some of the modern armour shown is rich and well decorated. Another kind of damascene work is called *Bidri*. It is silver, in floriated patterns hammered into an alloy of copper, lead, and tin, blackened by chemical agency; these pieces are vases, and many of them are of elegant shape. The Indian enamel is of several kinds, and some of the specimens shown are of great excellence. That known as *champlevé* has the pattern dug out of the metal, and the colouring matter (a paste made of glass and metallic oxide) laid in and fused in its place in the furnace, and afterwards polished. The Jeypore enamel, of extraordinary brilliancy, is of this description. A dish in one of the cases is the largest specimen of Jeypore enamelling ever made. It took four years to complete. Another and very beautiful kind

of enamel is that of Petabghur, in Bengal; the enamel is emerald colour of great thickness and transparency, and small gold figures of animals, birds, &c., are let into the surface while still in a state of fusion. Some admirable specimens are exhibited in the jewel stall of Messrs. Watson in the wooden building. This manufacture is confined to a few families, who use no other furnaces than holes made in the ground, in which they blow up their charcoal fire with the lungs.

The arms are perhaps the most interesting of all the presents exhibited. Every one seems to have been anxious to offer the Prince a sword, dagger, or weapon of some kind. Many are of extraordinary historical interest—e.g. the sword of Polygar Katabomma Naik, who defeated the English forces early in this century, and it has been kept till now as a family relic. The plate armour is unchanged in shape since the twelfth century (perhaps since a much earlier date). The chain suits feel like silk when handled; every link, though barely a quarter of an inch across, is separately riveted. Swords, daggers, knives, spears, battle-axes, maces, and arms, ancient and modern, of every description, are collected in these cases. A fine gun has the stock of inlaid ivory beautifully carved in small reliefs. Some, again, are modern; one, a gun of recent make, is entirely gilt, the stock included. But the whole collection is of great artistic value. Horse furniture, too, of rich materials, and hung over with rows of scutcheons of red gold, is to be seen in one of the cases. The gold pendants resemble those of Roman Imperial horse-trappings of the first and second centuries, and are rich and effective. A silver chair and a howdah of gilt metal; an ivory and ebony palanquin and bearers, the gift of the Princess Bobili; are among the curiosities of the collection.

A large assortment of Bombay inlaid work, that beautiful manufacture derived originally from Persia, is shown in several cases. It consists of sandal wood, into which discs, stars, and borders made up of minute dies are inserted. The ornament is made of bundles of triangular and square rods of tin, ivory, and ebony, &c., glued together, and cut off in slices and let into the wood. Bombay black-wood carving is also shown. The carved workboxes, card-cases, and other small wares in sandal wood are well known. This carving is executed at Surat, Ahmedabad, Bombay, and Canara. That of Surat and Bombay is in low relief of foliage; that of Ahmedabad has mythological figures amongst the leaves. A curious and delicate kind of inlaying of brass wire in walnut wood is exhibited by Sir John Strachey from Mynpuri. The *pietra-dura* work inlaid in white marble is still produced at Agra, and examples of it are to be seen. Of carved agate and *pietra-dura* there are several examples; the most beautiful is the jade, prepared for sword and dagger hilts and other purposes, and generally set with precious stones. This work comes from Cashmere. Many beautiful examples of painted and lacquered work figure in the exhibition; the best is *papier-mâché* work in the form of inkstands and small wares. It is painted after Persian designs. Various other Indian manufactures of great interest are illustrated among the numerous offerings made by rich and poor to the Prince; necklaces and bracelets of perfumed woods, seeds of the red saunders, betel-nut palm, and other plants; leather mats from Guzerat, beautifully embroidered; peacocks' feather fans, and mats of feathers with beetles' wings added, and many other objects.

There is not much native painting, if we except the careful miniatures from Delhi, many of them examples of rich and skillful illumination. The Indian clay figures are remarkable. Their truth to nature is astonishing, and the more so when we reflect that realistic art of this kind goes no further than the production of these little images. Two models of chariots, one drawn by cream-coloured bullocks, and the other by cream-coloured horses, are admirable examples of this strangely limited skill. Up in the wooden structure may be seen a beautiful turned and carved ivory bedstead from Travancore. Among the rich tissues are brocades stiff with gold—*kincocks*—from Benares and Ahmedabad. The richest and most costly is one of gold tissue and colours presented by the Guicowar of Baroda. A large number of cases and boxes, carved or enriched in various degrees, contain addresses in all languages. Many others are in bags or purses of silk or stuff. Where the greatest efforts were made to please, many of these articles, like the table services, show attempts to follow English models, and the native grace of the workmen has not been improved in the process. Indeed the bad results of European teaching on the immemorial art traditions of India is but too often perceptible in looking over this interesting collection, in which older work can be seen side by side with the new fashions. For instance, in the glass case containing the famous Cashmere shawls, formerly looked upon as not to be rivalled, will be seen patterns introduced by French agents who had been sent over on purpose. Over the closely filled pine-cone pattern, completely covered with minute flower-work, with rich borders one outside the other, these reformers have introduced sprawling white curved lines which cross the entire shawl in various patterns. The staring aniline dyes so popular at home have also been supplied to embroiderers, weavers, and carpetmakers in various districts of India. The pure primary colours, interwoven and broken up with a feeling for harmony and balance that was as unerring as instinct, will not bear the introduction of hues so much at variance with these sober compositions. The Government have introduced into the prisons the manufacture of cheap carpets, partly with a view to lower the cost of maintaining those establishments. These carpets are coarse in design, plentifully stained with modern dyes, and are put into the market at low prices so as to undersell the productions of free

labour. Hence the falling off in Indian carpets is greater even than that of Cashmere shawls. It is a question how far teaching Renaissance art will improve on the traditional accomplishments of weavers, embroiderers, carvers, and metal-workers who have preserved to this day methods and designs coeval with those of ancient Egypt. Can the two traditions coexist? If we examine Greek painting on vases and pottery we might say that these traditions could, under certain circumstances, subsist side by side. Actual facts in India seem, however, rather to tell in the other direction. Mr. Kipling, Mr. Terry, and Mr. Griffiths, the artists at the head of the schools of Bombay, will do all that can be done to maintain both, and carry them to the utmost perfection attainable, and we must hope the best from their exertions. The pottery, of which a large quantity is exhibited, shows traces of the interference noted in the weaving industries.

Altogether the Indian collection will answer reasonable anticipations, and will well repay a careful study on the part of artists, professional and lay. The excellences of the best productions excite no jealousies, for the workmen are out of the range of European rivalry. The hearty goodwill and energy of the Royal President of the Commission gets no more than justice from the praises given by Parisians to his part in the show. It has, we may be sure, required all the weight of such an example to give the British section a share in that outward attractiveness which, after all, weighs more with sight-seers than representative completeness, and is more likely to win popularity for exhibitors than the most learned and scientific arrangement of national productions.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

V.

AMONG the landscapes at the Royal Academy which we have as yet left unnoticed is "St. Martin's Summer" (465), by Mr. Millais, in Gallery No. V. This is a work which has been much admired and much abused; and it is possible to understand the views of both parties. There are some bits of the picture which are painted as few artists except Mr. Millais could paint them, and which, taken alone, might fairly be expected to command universal praise; but the misfortune of the whole work is that these bits do not seem to fit in with each other. The general effect may be compared to that of a puzzle which has been ill put together. Besides this, the rocks in the foreground have a curious look of pasteboard about them. They are rather like "set pieces" on the stage of a theatre than a great painter's copy from nature designed for the walls of a gallery. For Mr. P. Graham's landscape "Wandering Shadows" (267) we can find nothing but praise. This painter's true and tender appreciation of Nature in her varying moods has never been more successfully brought out than it is in this instance; and the workmanship of his picture is fully worthy of its conception. The effect of transitory light and shade has been caught and rendered with a skill which is extraordinary; and the representation is so true that one's first impulse on seeing the picture is to look up to the ceiling for the cause of the shadows which seem literally to move across the canvas. In the first gallery we may notice Mr. Macartney's charmingly drawn "Grove" (32) and Mr. Carl Rodeck's "Forest Scene—Evening" (9), a subject of the same class seen under different conditions. The management of the light falling through and among the stems of the trees is admirable. In the second gallery we may direct notice to "Under the Sandhills—Full Tide" (98), by Mr. Henderson, a picture which has much truth and merit, but which is all but killed by Mr. Brett's "Cornish Lions," which the Hanging Committee, with their usual care and discretion, have placed close to it. In the same gallery we have "Charity" (121), a very good piece of work by Mr. Fred. Morgan, and a clever study of the "Tomb of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Westminster Abbey" (119), by Mr. Logsdail. We should also call attention to Mr. Hodgson's clever picture which he has chosen to call "An Eastern Question" (97). In the third room, Sir H. Thompson, in his "St. Mark's, Venice" (180), proves to us once more that his talents are not entirely absorbed by the profession to which he belongs, and that he has made a study rather than a pastime of painting. When we look at the work of a professional painter, Mr. Armitage, R.A., in the same room—"The Cities of the Plain" (210)—we could wish that Mr. Armitage also had taken up some amateur pursuit which might show the world that he had some talent. In Gallery IV. we have "Conway Marsh" (324), by Mr. Joseph Knight, a landscape in which a somewhat sombre effect of evening light is excellently rendered, and a "Salt-Water Marsh near Tankerville on the Seine" (342), by Mr. H. Enfield, a work which deals with an unbeautiful subject, but in which the perspective is as true and striking as that of Hobbema. Mr. Hook has "The Coral-fisher, Amalfi" (351), and in looking at it we feel that it was hardly necessary to go to Amalfi in order to paint a scene which might very well have been assigned to Clotelly. The picture is another illustration of the old adage "Cœlum non animum, &c." Mr. Watts's portrait of Mr. Blumenthal (343) is admirable both as a likeness and as a picture, and Signor Conti's "Good-bye" (322) has all the charm of grace and of clever painting with which Continental painters are apt to invest somewhat commonplace subjects. In the fifth room Mr. N. Chevalier's "An Eastern Puzzle: Chinese Lama Priests at Home" (416), attracts attention by its clever and humorous conception

and execution, and by the extremely skilful management of the prevailing tone of yellow, which is artfully relieved in one point by the exact shade of blue which can be introduced so as to please the eye. Amateurs of architecture may take a hint from the balustrade in the background, the pretty form of which is apparently obtained by a very simple use of common tiles. Mr. MacWhirter's "Three Graces" (430) is one of the most charming landscapes in the Exhibition; and there is a pleasant boldness about Mr. Frank Walton's "Four Miles from any Town" (436).

In the seventh room we may notice Mr. E. Hughes's "Distinguished Visitors" (572), Signor Vine's study after the manner of M. Meissonier (574), and Mr. Macallum's bright and clever "Waiting for the Ebb" (606). In Gallery X. Mr. Pettie has a very clever and humorous landscape with a single figure in the foreground, surveying his domain with much self-content, called "The Laird" (1325). In the same room we have a charming picture with a cumbrous, but appropriate title, "Come along, Beauty; come, Spot and Daisy," by Mr. F. E. Bodkin (1340). As the name might suggest, the work represents a milkmaid standing at the door of a shed in a farmyard and calling to three cows, who obey her voice with the lazy affection which belongs to cows. The painter has caught the feeling of an English summer evening in a farmyard at its best with admirable fidelity. Another charming piece of farmyard life is Mr. Fred. Morgan's "Jealousy" (1379), the scene of which he has laid in Northern France, and which shows us a stalwart farm-maiden, in tall muslin cap and wooden shoes, petting a brood of kittens, to the evident disgust of a favourite dog that looks up at her and whose hurt feelings are plainly indicated in his attitude, although his back is turned to the spectator. Mr. F. Miles's "Salmon Leap" (1375), in this room, might pass as an excellent and laboriously careful study of lacework; and Mr. Watts's portrait of "H. M. Gibbs, Esq." (1392), and Mr. Archer's of "Herr Joachim" (1380), are alike good. Mr. W. B. C. Fyfe exhibits a picture called "The Raid of Ruthven" (1333). The painter, mistrusting, with a becoming but not needless modesty, his power of conveying the meaning of the work, has appended a long note to its description:—

On the 23rd August, 1582, the Earl of Gowrie invited the King to his castle of Ruthven, under pretext of hunting. He was joined by the Earl of Mar, Lord Lindsay, the Tutor of Glamis, and other noblemen. When the King saw so many persons gather round him, whom he knew to be of one way of thinking, and that hostile to his present measures, he became apprehensive of their intentions, and expressed himself desirous of leaving the castle. The nobles gave him to understand that he would not be permitted to do so; and when James rose and went towards the door of the apartment, the Tutor of Glamis, a rude, stern man, placed his back against it, and compelled him to return. Affronted at this act of personal restraint and violence, the King burst into tears. "Let him weep on," said the Tutor of Glamis fiercely; "better bairns weep than bearded men."—Vide Sir W. Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*.

We have called attention to this production not for any very remarkable quality of good or evil which it possesses, but because it is a convenient type of that dull, imperceptive, and terribly painstaking quality of work which, unless things are much reformed, is pretty sure to end in making its worthy producer a Royal Academician.

The water-colours this year have nothing to equal in interest the Indian sketches by Mr. J. Griffiths which lent them a pleasant variety and brilliancy last year. There are several landscapes which are pleasant, such as Mr. Yeend King's "Everyday Scene in Brittany" (656), Mr. Hampson Jones's "From Winchester to Rye" (721), and Mr. H. Hine's "Durham Cathedral" (740). Mr. Sydney Hall sends a spirited sketch of an elephant fight at Baroda, which brings out with painful force the extremely repulsive nature of the scene (855), and Mr. R. Phené Spiers has two very good studies of the "Temple of Jupiter, Baalbec" (849) and "The Propylææ, Athens" (891). Mr. B. W. Spiers sends a capital study of still life, "Law and Literature" (826), which is however surpassed by a very similar one, "Old Books," by Mr. O. Dalziel (840). Among the drawings Mr. Sandys's portrait of Mr. Flower (1187) will be remarked for its great force and truth. Equally admirable are two etchings (1235, 1243) both of naval subjects, by Mr. A. Ballin, who seems to have caught much of the feeling of the Dutch naval painters.

For the sculptures, with the exception of some works by Mr. Woolner, it is difficult to find any praise. One or two works might be picked out as seeming excellent by contrast to the extraordinary poverty by which they are surrounded; but, if judged by a decently high standard, they would not appear more than mediocre, and it seems better therefore to leave them unnoticed. We have already expressed our opinion that the Academy exhibition this year is, as a whole, even unusually bad; and we should perhaps be thankful that it contains so many good works as it does, when we reflect that it is governed by a body who, out of all the painters at their choice, have just thought fit to elect Mr. Yeames as an Academician and Mr. Frank Holl as an Associate.

THE GRAND PRIX DE PARIS.

PERSONS who wish to be familiar with racing matters cannot well ignore the French Turf. The results of the Derby and Oaks which take place at Chantilly frequently throw a certain amount of light on those which are afterwards to follow at

Epsom; while the latter, in their turn, often make the Grand Prix de Paris a foregone conclusion. But, good as the French horses undoubtedly are, the Austrians also can boast of breeding some excellent horses; and at a sale of yearlings of the Austrian Imperial Stud which was held a few weeks ago, it is reported that ten lots averaged 324*l.* each—one of them, a colt by Buccaneer out of Mineral, an own brother to Kisber, selling for 1,200*l.* One great secret of the success of French races and steeplechases probably lies in the fact of so many of their courses being either close to Paris or within easy reach of it. On the Paris racecourse alone there were fourteen days' racing last year, and on that at Auteuil, which is about equally near the city, there were thirteen. The same principle might not perhaps be equally suited to the English people; and, if the Epsom races were to be run off in Kensington Gardens with twenty-seven days substituted for six, the change might not be conducive to the moral advancement of the London populace; nor would the innovation be more generally acceptable if the races usually occurred on Sundays.

The greatest French race, and indeed the greatest Continental race, is the Grand Prix de Paris, which took place on the afternoon of Sunday last. As it was so near our own Ascot races, comparatively few English racing men took the trouble to go over to Paris in order to see it; but nevertheless, when the time came, there were a good many well-known faces in the enclosure. Such an expedition was rendered less attractive than usual on this occasion by the state of the weather. In the early part of the previous week there had been a gale in the English Channel from the south-west, and in the latter part there was a strong wind from the north-east. The consequence was that the crossing was anything but a pleasant one to bad sailors. It was amusing to see noisy betting-men reduced to helpless silence. They were no longer crying out "Odds I'll take," or offering to "bet bar one," but were exemplifying the effects of a rough sea after a long course of refreshment-room champagne. When the day of the Grand Prix arrived, however, delightful weather and a splendid race amply made up for past troubles. There are few pleasanter racecourses than that at Longchamps. One great advantage of its arrangements is that the betting is transacted at the back of the stand, so that the space in front of it is devoted to ladies and those who wish to witness the race quietly. This part of the enclosure, which would be the betting ring on an English racecourse, is filled with chairs, on which people sit in groups. The worst of this chair arrangement is that, during the running of a race, the ladies climb up on their seats, and, as they hold up their parasols, they sadly obstruct the view of those who are unperched. Unfortunately the well-known cry of English grand stands, "Umbrellas down!" is not in vogue at Paris. In the State Pavilion royalty was represented by the Shah and the ex-Queen of Spain, who sat side by side. This romantic-looking pair seemed to afford great amusement to the French ladies in the enclosure. The Shah wore an ugly dressing-gown, and kept solemnly putting on and taking off his spectacles. The Queen was decked out in very wide violet and white stripes, and was evidently much affected by the heat. The Marshal and his good-natured-looking wife seemed fully occupied in trying to amuse this interesting couple. Never have we seen royalty so unblushingly stared at, and the remarks made in no *sotto voce* tones by the Parisian ladies about the principal figures in the State-box were more piquant than complimentary. The time kept, as regards the races, was very bad, especially when it is taken into consideration that there were scarcely any false starts in the races before the Grand Prix. The crowd was enormous. Both at the races and on the return home it was even a more striking sight than that which is usually seen at our own Derby. To give the Parisians their due, we must own that we never saw a more orderly crowd; and we must also admit that the churches in the morning were as tightly crammed as was the grand stand enclosure in the afternoon.

Only eight horses were saddled for the Grand Prix. Of these, Insulaire, Thurio, and Clocher alone excited any great interest. Insulaire had won the French Derby, and had run second for both the Two Thousand and the English Derby. Thurio, although he had only been fifth in the English Derby, had previously, at Newmarket, given the winner, Sefton, 5 lbs., and beaten him by half a length. Reasons had been put forward in favour of the possibility of both of these horses running much better at Longchamps than in the Derby. On behalf of Insulaire it was urged that in the Derby he had been obliged to make a wide sweep, thereby losing a great deal of ground, through having been unable to "get through his horses," as it is technically called. Then, again, it was said that the race for the French Derby on the previous Sunday and the hurried journey back to England had very seriously interfered with his chances. The supporters of Thurio, on the other hand, contended that a slight accident had interfered with his training for the Derby, and that in consequence he was by no means seen at his best in that race, and that the amount of work and travelling which his rival had lately undergone would tell in his favour. They also concluded, from the absolute reversal of previous running between Thurio and Sefton which occurred in the Derby, that in that race either Thurio was not himself or else the course did not suit him, and that it might fairly be hoped that both these drawbacks would be obviated in the Grand Prix. Clocher, who was about an equal favourite with Thurio, is a bay colt by Cathedral, and he had run second to Insulaire in the French Derby. The French racing journal, *Le Sportsman*, thus summed up the relative merits of Clocher and Thurio:—"La ligne entre eux est fort incertaine, et l'apparence extérieure plus en faveur de

Clocher; nous ne pouvons cependant oublier la performance de Thurio avec le vainqueur du Derby d'Epsom, et nous lui donnons la préférence." An animal named "Cactus," whom *Le Sportsman* called "l'outsider de la course," had also met with some support before the day, but he was scratched shortly before the race. Although the French sporting oracle describes Thurio as "le champion anglais," he belongs to a Russian prince. It is true that he has been trained in England, but the same might be said of Insulaire. The owner of the last-named horse fairly deserved to win, as he had originally entered more than forty horses for the race. In addition to Insulaire, he started Clémentine and Inval. The first named of this pair had been a very uncertain runner, both as a two-year-old and as a three-year-old, but some of her performances had been excellent. Although a fine filly, she turns out her toes a little, and is rather straight-backed, and her withers are placed a trifle too far forward to please a very critical eye. Inval has some very good points, but he is flat and poor-looking just behind the saddle, and his quarters and forehand, though good in themselves, do not seem joined together by a sufficiently strong middle piece. Insulaire looked very well, if rather light, and appeared very quiet and unconcerned. In his preliminary canter he moved beautifully, with a long, sweeping stride. Thurio, on the contrary, galloped with a short, sharp action. He is a far stronger horse than Insulaire, and looks almost too compact for a racehorse. He is very well shaped, but is rather short, and his strong quarters droop a little to the tail. He looked a good deal excited while being saddled, and kicked sharply against the back of his stall. In the one false start which preceded the race, he seemed to pull hard, and he bent his neck on one side, and turned his head round, as if his mouth was harder on one side than on the other. As soon as the flag fell, the field went away at a very good pace, Thurio bringing up the rear. With the exception of one horse which bolted out of the course, they all kept well together during the greater part of the race. As they came into the straight, Insulaire had a slight lead, his jockey sitting perfectly still, while the rider of Thurio, who was racing with him, was using his whip so much that his horse was apparently beaten. At the distance the race seemed quite at the mercy of Insulaire, but then Inval shot up and joined in the struggle, and Thurio, making another gallant effort, raced alongside of the favourite. The three horses, for a few exciting seconds, seemed locked together, and raced almost abreast; but within a few yards of the post Thurio just managed to get a trifling advantage and won by a head from Insulaire, who was only a head in advance of Inval. Clémentine was fourth; so her owner had the mortification of possessing the second, third, and fourth in the race, which seemed the more hard as Insulaire had now run second for the Dewhurst Plate, the Two Thousand, the English Derby, and the Grand Prix de Paris. We have seldom witnessed a finer race. Thurio, Insulaire, and Sefton have now all beaten each other, offering an interesting problem for the study of those interested in the public form of racehorses. There was very little cheering after the race, and Frenchmen persist in considering the victory an English one. In reality, of course, the winner is just as much a Russian horse as Insulaire is a French horse. It is quite a novelty to find English and Russian interests thus identified.

As regards the rest of the racing on the same day, we may observe that in the event which preceded the Grand Prix the race was run in a very unusual manner. Although the course was two miles long, one horse jumped away at the start as if the race were only for half a mile, and, immediately putting many lengths between himself and the body of the field, maintained his pace throughout, and was never again caught. The Prix Vaublanc, which followed the Grand Prix, was a magnificent race, resulting in a dead heat, the third horse being only a neck behind, and the fourth but a neck further off again. Jongleur, who is one of the best horses on the French turf, won the Prix d'Isphahan. He is a very grand horse; it is a pleasure even to see him walk, and, when he gallops, his action is splendid. A large splint, about half-way between the knee and fetlock of his near fore leg, does not seem to cause him any inconvenience. Altogether, the racing on Sunday last at Paris was both good and interesting.

REVIEWS.

PROFESSOR CLIFFORD'S ELEMENTS OF DYNAMIC.*

IN these days, when would-be historical investigators are so keenly on the look-out for some traditional belief which they may overthrow, and some centuries-old reputation to blast, it is satisfactory to those Englishmen who still have a lurking preference for the great men of their own nation that the fame of Newton, as the great originator of the science of motion, has suffered so little. It is true that two out of his three renowned laws of motion have been shown to have originated with Galileo, and that the suggestion of the law of gravitation has been traced to Hook; and therefore the graceful fiction of the apple must—instead of the apple itself—fall to the ground. But these are only *minutiae* in the list of his great

* *Elements of Dynamic: an Introduction to the Study of Motion and Rest in Solid and Fluid Bodies.* By Professor W. K. Clifford, F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

achievements in dynamics. He found but vague hints of the possibility of motion being reduced to strict and absolute laws; and he left the subject in a state so perfect that in essentials it may be said to have remained the same to this day. No better proof of the scope and completeness of Newton's discoveries can be found than the fact that, even when presented to the world, the mathematicians of his time, and for long afterwards, were incapable of appreciating them in their fullness, and for a century all development in dynamics was in a retrograde direction. The simple, but all-embracing, generalizations of Newton, ill comprehended by the feeble intellects of his successors, were treated as imperfect attempts, and were supplanted by elaborately clumsy "principles," each of which was—so far as it was true—included with countless others in Newton's simple formalizations. Take, for example, the laws which seemed to have been promoted permanently to the rank of the most fundamental principles of dynamics—the Transmissibility of Force and D'Alembert's Principle. Two narrow and unsuggestive corollaries of Newton's grandly simple law, that action and reaction are equal and opposite, they added to their worthlessness as complete generalizations the still greater fault of being so misleading in the form in which they were ordinarily stated that it is difficult to imagine how generations trained on such principles could ever attain to clear ideas of force and motion. And such was the treatment throughout. Everything that was accidental and unessential in dynamics was pushed forward into prominence; everything that was fundamental and essential was thrown into the background or rejected altogether. The general was sacrificed to the special; not because it was simpler or clearer, but because the simplicity of the wider generalizations was more than the intellect of the teachers could rise to. Had it been a time of widely diffused physical investigation, the case would have been different. Familiarity with nature would have enabled men to grasp her simplicity. But the science fell into the hands of pure mathematicians; and all that it gained from their methods was for a long time more than counterbalanced by the loss it suffered in ceasing to be viewed as an experimental science, and becoming more and more a mere peg on which to hang analytical investigations.

It must not be thought that the great French mathematicians who succeeded D'Alembert and his school were in any way behind Newton in their grasp of the principles of dynamics. Superior to him in this respect it was impossible for them to be; but it is almost needless to say that they could not long be hindered by any of the feeblenesses of their predecessors. And at once we find a splendid generality of treatment which would have been antedated a hundred years had Newton only had successors worthy of him. But this broader mode of treatment remained confined to the higher portions of the subject; elementary investigations and all the educational literature of the science of force and motion remained of the old narrow and unsuggestive type; and there was the strange phenomenon of the advanced and more difficult parts of a subject dealing with simpler ideas and laws than the more elementary ones. And down to the present time this state of things may be said to have continued. Elementary works on statics and dynamics, by which we mean all that are usually read in schools or colleges, were, with scarcely one exception, as little fitted to impart physical ideas as they possibly could be. The science was split up into separate portions, which were as sharply divided as though there were a separate universe for each one of them. Statics, a special and not very interesting case of dynamics, was treated as a subject of coordinate, nay, of vastly superior importance, and placed in the wholly undeserved position of the primary and fundamental science of force, from which all other manifestations must be deduced. Each part of the subject was made to rest on some artificial generalization which the pupil was compelled to accept as a self-evident fact, although it was seldom, if ever, a fact at all, and never (if rightly understood) appeared likely so to be. Newton's work was more and more treated with neglect as being behind the age; and, if read at all, it was rather on historical than scientific grounds. The very fact that pure mathematics had been advancing so rapidly during the period in which dynamics had been stationary rendered the matter worse, for it placed in the hands both of the teacher and the learner analytical methods of great generality and power which enabled them to dispose in a few lines of difficult problems which would otherwise have required long and patient study—the very ease with which the student could thus crush the difficulties of the problems with which he met preventing him from gaining that insight into their nature which the use of less artificial and powerful methods would have given him. Add to this the tendency, for which our University system is mainly answerable, of using physical subjects as a cloak for setting all kinds of little analytical and geometrical puzzles called Problems and Riders—questions which in general have no more to do with physical science than with Anglo-Saxon, and which, save for some small advantage which may arise from the practice they give in dealing with formulae, are about as valuable educationally as so many double acrostics; and it is not difficult to understand how the most valuable and instructive department of physical science has become the one least calculated to educate the learner, so that an intelligent man might well nigh have gone through all the best accredited of our text-books in statics and dynamics without being the richer for one single valuable physical conception.

But in an age like the present, so markedly characterized by the tendency to appeal directly to nature by means of observation and experiment, the days of such an artificial educational system must

be numbered. To Professors Thomson and Tait must be given the credit of the first attempt to put matters on the right footing, and ever since the appearance of what we fear will be the first and last instalment of their most valuable work, there has been a rapid change for the better. But, admirable as this work is, its size and general scheme render it difficult to use as an educational work, even for advanced students, while for beginners it is wholly unsuitable. Under these circumstances it is natural that the promise of a book upon dynamics by Professor Clifford—a book, too, which should be of an elementary character, so as to be suitable for learners—should have excited great interest. The peculiar position held by Professor Clifford among the mathematicians of the present day made him specially suited to supply the want so deeply felt. Ever since the days when at Cambridge he was reputed to be the only person to whom the conversation on mathematical subjects of a celebrated professor at that University was, or ever had been, intelligible, he has been known as a mathematician of the greatest promise, whose genius showed itself specially in his marvellous powers of generalization, in which, in his own class of subjects at least, he has but few equals and certainly no superior. Indeed he can seldom content himself with theorems and formulae suited only to the narrow and restricted needs of possible worlds and existent space, but must legislate for as yet uncreated space of four or more dimensions, and warn impossible surfaces not to venture to indulge in irregularities in the hope that their non-existence may give them any immunity from law. And while this love of wide generalizations must have ensured us against any trace of the narrow and unsuggestive teaching of past days, the almost equal reputation he possesses for clearness of exposition puts out of the question all fear lest the work should be too obscure or difficult for its avowed purpose. Indeed there is something almost pitiless in the clearness with which Professor Clifford, whether in speaking or writing, lays bare the strength and weakness, the scope and the limitations, of any theory he may be expounding, till the promise it possesses seems turned into performance at the cost of no room being left for either hope or fear. Thus no one could have been found more admirably fitted to introduce a new era of dynamical teaching, and the appearance of this long-expected book has rightly been looked forward to with the greatest interest, and will be loudly and generally welcomed. It is true that the present work is but the first half of the treatise; but, much as we must regret the cause of its appearing in its present state, we do not think that there is any disadvantage in the two portions of the work being issued separately. The present book is complete in itself, and there is so much in it to be learnt, or rather assimilated, that it is a great gain to have obtained it at once without the delay which would necessarily have been occasioned by not issuing any part of the work until the whole was completed.

The most cursory glance at the work is enough to show us that we have entered upon a new era of dynamical teaching. Instead of such phrases as "parallelogram of velocities" and all the rest of the familiar nomenclature of the present elementary books on the subject, we find such terms as "steps," "spins," "twists," "screws," "strain-fluxes," "squirts," and "whirls." Nor does a more careful examination remove in any way this first impression. The book is one of those very rare cases in which an author has had sufficient originality to shake himself quite free from his predecessors and to write a book which is completely uninfluenced by them. In saying this, we must only be understood to refer to writers of previous treatises on dynamics, for no one has borrowed more largely or more confessedly from original papers on various parts of dynamics than has Professor Clifford for the matter of the present work. All the most valuable contributions to the theory of dynamics, whether of solids or fluids, have been laid under contribution, and the kernel of their teaching extracted. What renders the book so valuable to all classes of readers is the fact that it has been written by one who has made himself familiar with all the recent investigations on the subject, and who has been capable of selecting therefrom all that is fundamental and of general importance, while leaving out all that—however valuable in itself—is of less general application. The book is a complete compendium of all that is known of possible types of motion. Every kind of motion of which any system is capable is here noticed and treated in the proper connexion. Instead of the harsh division of the subject to which we are so accustomed, we find here in regular succession the various more and more complex types of motion, each more complex form growing out of the more simple ones by the introduction of some new element of freedom, the withdrawal of some limitation, until we gradually come to the most general types that experience has ever suggested. Helmholtz vortices, strains in continuous solids, lines of flow in fluids, and even those quasi-velocity systems by which we aid the imagination when trying to grapple with the difficulties of electrical problems, are all represented, till at last one feels that a basis has been laid for every science capable of mathematical treatment, in which the phenomena are directly traced to force and motion, and not—as, for instance, in geometrical optics—regarded as dependent on secondary laws the origin of which is not inquired into. So complete is the work in this respect that, though we cannot anticipate how comprehensive the author may choose to make the second part of his treatise, there is no reason, so far as we can see, why he should not make it include the fundamental parts of all subjects that have to deal with motion, from dynamics of a particle to acoustics and light, for he has laid sufficient foundation in the present part for the treatment of each and all of them. Indeed, without an abandonment

of some of the essential principles of the present book, it is difficult to see how Professor Clifford can consent to any artificial limitation of the scope of his work. His chief aim seems to be to give a true conception of the phenomenon of motion as existing only in the form of the motion of a continuous system capable of every form of change, and to treat the simpler cases mainly as ideal halting-places in the mental process of grasping fully this which is the only actual existing problem. And if this is to be the purpose of the book in its completed form, it is necessary that it should embrace the elements of all the subjects of which we have spoken. We sincerely hope that such will be the case, for, without detracting from the merits or usefulness of special treatises on the various branches of the science that relates to force and motion, yet few can study them all, and it is important fully to master the fundamental phenomena of motion as present in every part of the universe, and in every class of phenomena, and to appreciate the real identity of the cause of such widely differing manifestations. It will therefore be of great value to possess a book which, without giving all the detailed investigations which are valuable for the special purposes of the separate branches of dynamical science, gives nevertheless, with no curtailment of generality and with complete and rigorous thoroughness, the fundamental principles of them all. The only universal generalizations to which science has yet attained are dynamical; why then should dynamical treatises be so special and imperfect?

But the main charm of the book is its completeness in a different sense from that in which we have hitherto used the word. Just as Newton's *Principia*, though nominally devoted to the problem of motion, is the best introduction to the geometry of infinitesimals and to all cognate problems relating to the properties of curves, so Professor Clifford, while conscientiously restricting himself to the geometry of motion, contrives to initiate the reader into the mysteries of all the more important branches of higher mathematics that surround his special subject. Thus, for example, the reader of the work will find himself quite familiar with the principles of Quaternions and the Differential and Integral Calculus. Not that these subjects are referred to in the work, or that any knowledge or acquaintance with them is expected or even desirable. On the contrary, one of the main beauties of it is that, whatever demands it makes on the intelligence of the reader, it makes scarcely any on his knowledge, so that a person of sufficient intelligence familiar with the elements of algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, would find nothing that he could not understand in it. This in itself is a great boon to a class of readers whose wants are often too little cared for—i.e. the solitary students who have not the advantages of access to college lectures or the assistance of tutors, but must meet their difficulties single-handed and conquer them as they best may. However intelligent and able such a student may be, he is necessarily unable to read in any profitable manner a book that is always assuming his acquaintance with other subjects, either because they are usually read at an earlier period in the college course, or because access to works on them is so easy in places like the Universities. All such readers will be delighted with Professor Clifford's work. Without a single reference to results elsewhere obtained, without a hint that he is piloting his readers into subjects the very names of which would frighten them, he gently insinuates bits of teaching the value of which the learners will only recognize when in their subsequent reading they begin to appreciate how familiar they are with the fundamental ideas of everything with which they meet. And to those who have long passed the stage of mere learners this feature of the book has an equal charm. Not only is there the delight of seeing how subtly, and, as it were, accidentally, these ideas so familiar to more advanced students, but so unlooked for in an elementary work, are introduced, and skilfully incorporated into the thought of the subject, but there is the still greater delight which must be felt at the revelation—as it must be to most readers—that it is possible to teach dynamics from the first without the aid of the artificial extraneous devices which have hitherto been considered as necessary stepping-stones to a knowledge of the subject—as go-carts in which infants must be content to totter about until their limbs become strong enough to enable them to reject such assistance. Hitherto the process of learning each branch of the science of motion has commenced with a treatment of the most artificial kind, to be rejected as soon as the pupil has mastered it, in favour of more natural and direct methods. But Professor Clifford, from the first, will have nothing to do with any methods or conceptions save such as are of intrinsic and permanent value. From the first the weapons which he places in the learner's hand are those with which he will ultimately fight his real battles. And it is here that the great skill in teaching possessed by the author at once manifests and conceals itself. The book is no easier to master than other books on the same subject; indeed it appears to be in many respects more difficult, for it contains none of the slipshod explanations and half-accurate illustrations which are thought to be so necessary at an early stage of the subject, and which give so much to unlearn at a later period. But, while keeping the real labour of learning as small as may be, the results are of incomparably greater value. No important idea which could have been introduced into a book restricting itself to the geometry of motion seems to have been omitted, and consequently the book has been made as indispensable to the teacher or professor, as a compendium and book of reference, as it is to the student as a text-book. Thus we confidently trust that Professor Clifford has attained the object which we are convinced he had before him while writing—namely, to produce a

thoroughly practical text-book which would lead both teachers and students to treat dynamics in the only way in which it can be made fully to exercise on the mind its rich, fertilizing effect, and to familiarize themselves from the first with its fundamental ideas in their most natural and universal form. If this result be attained, then it will be easy for the learners not only to comprehend, but to use in all their completeness, the vast generalizations which day after day are being made as to the correlative manifestations of force and motion in the universe. To complete his task Professor Clifford has still to give us his second part which is to deal with kinetics. The present work, alas! leaves us with only a knowledge of what motion is, and what are the possible forms and consequences of motion. With the cause of motion he has not yet dealt. Yet those who understand the subject will not feel their gratitude lessened by the thought that there is more to hope for, and will receive with enthusiasm the present instalment, even though it does not pretend to lead us beyond the triumphant utterance with which it concludes, and in which it sums up all its achievements—"every continuous motion of an infinite body is made up of squirts and vortices." If all motion is to be reduced to this, what room can there be for mysteries in nature?

STANLEY'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.*

IT was an impertinence of Mrs. Jellyby's daughter to say that Africa was a beast. At the sight of the outside cover of these volumes, we fear, some other vehement young lady will be tempted to say that Africa is only a blot. The height of grotesque ugliness has now been attained in the modern art of bookbinding decoration. Pour out of your inkstand as much black liquid as might lie upon a two-shilling piece, trail it over five times that space, into a shape rudely imitating a well-known geographical outline—and the Dark Continent is represented with hideous effect. Let it dry, still lying in darkness spread equally thick from Alexandria to Cape Town, without a spark of light even on the sea-coasts north or south. Then cross its width, from Zanzibar to the West Coast, with two inches of bent gold wire, signifying a streak of glory. This is Mr. H. M. Stanley's vivid track of exploration. One glance at the cover is enough; let us hasten to open the book. It relates the author's devious journeyings in Central Africa from November 1874, to August 1877, with his adventures among the savages and the mighty inland waters. "Cannibals and cataracts," as he calls them for the sake of alliteration, give promise of exciting scenes to be described in one at least of these two volumes.

The title-page, it will be observed, seems to announce a three-fold division of this triennial course of travel. It would appear to comprehend, first, an exploration of the sources of the Nile; secondly, that of the Equatorial Lakes; and thirdly, a descent of the great river Congo, which Mr. Stanley proposes to call the Livingstone. His geographical task, when the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald* arranged to send him out again to Africa, was to complete the work of Burton and Speke in the Victoria Nyanza region; and that of Livingstone with regard to the rivers flowing northward in the central basin west of Lake Tanganika. He undertook also to see what he could do in exploring the western region which has been partly examined by Commander Cameron. The result has been to show that the rivers of the central basin, the Lualaba with its affluents, are not, as Livingstone supposed, tributaries or sources of the Nile, but of the Congo. We shall have to call it still by the old name, the Congo. Meanwhile, the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, which supplies much water to the Nile, were first minutely inspected by Mr. Stanley, in a Thames-built cedar barge, the *Lady Alice*, made to be taken to pieces for land carriage. The kingdom of Uganda, between the Victoria Nile and the Lakes Albert and Victoria Nyanza, has also been more accurately made known to us. Colonel Gordon's administrative mission from Egypt, succeeding that of Sir S. Baker, will have put this knowledge to useful account; but the fate of Lieutenant Shergold Smith and Mr. O'Neill last year may tell as a temporary discouragement of English religious missions there. The Lake Muta Nzigé was only just seen by its discoverer; and this is a brilliant contribution to African geography. But the final achievement of Mr. Stanley consisted in navigating that great river which is the outlet of the central basin and of the Lualaba system of waters. It is henceforth, as we have said, identified with the Congo. Its stream has now been traversed in the *Lady Alice* and in canoes, down to near the Atlantic. These are performances of considerable value, which were attended by many difficulties and dangers. Mr. Stanley deserves much credit for what he has accomplished. So likewise does Commander Cameron, who, instead of following the Lualaba and Congo, struck across the western half of Africa, from Nyangwé to the Benguela seacoast. His work and the latter portion of Mr. Stanley's are indeed complementary to each other. We shall, however, most conveniently regard Mr. Stanley's narrative as consisting of two separate parts—the first relating to the Victoria Nyanza region, with the Lake Muta Nzigé further inland; and the second, to the descent of the Congo, or "Livingstone," below the known river-port of Nyangwé.

It was on February 28, 1875, after a hundred days' march from

* *Through the Dark Continent: or, the Sources of the Nile; Around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa; and Down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean.* By Henry M. Stanley. In 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

the eastern sea-coast, that Mr. Stanley reached the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza. More than a twelvemonth was devoted to the visitation of every accessible point, as well as to some profitable converse with King Mtesa, the ruler of Uganda, and the gentle Rumanika, King of Karagwé. It is too notorious that Mr. Stanley's relations with some other native tribes were not of such an amicable character. Those of Bumbireh, an islet of the great Lake, were defeated in an attempt to rob and murder the boat-party, on April 28; and were punished, on August 4, by a severe attack upon them, which its director says was necessary to secure him a clear passage. We are not entirely satisfied with this plea of justification; the act was scarcely one of strict self-defence. It seems to have been rather one of policy, aiming less at the revenge of Mr. Stanley's own wrongs than of much worse outrages more recently perpetrated against the friendly subjects of King Mtesa, whose alliance he wanted to earn for the furtherance of his expedition. On grounds of abstract equity, it may well be that the chastisement of the Bumbireh savages was merited. Yet it was no great feat of valour to decimate a mob of black men, armed only with bows and arrows, by the concentrated fire of fifty muskets and rifles from a passing fleet of boats and canoes. We will suppose that these black men were avowed and obstinate enemies both to Mr. Stanley himself and to his chief native ally. The question still remains, whether he might not have refused with propriety to engage in such a combat till it should be actually forced upon him. The accusation of mere wanton inhumanity cannot, we think, be sustained. That of an illegitimate and presumptuous exercise of belligerent powers, as though he had been authorized to enter into warlike alliances with native States, is not so readily answered. It must abide the verdict of impartial opinion. This is not the only occasion on which Mr. Stanley has used the means entrusted to him for self-defence to fight the battles of his native hosts and assistants, perhaps in a just quarrel on their side, but with an insufficient warrant for himself as a private foreign traveller. No British subject, we hope—at least none bearing the Queen's commission, like some of the most distinguished explorers of Africa—will lightly follow this questionable example. It is too great a responsibility for a newspaper reporter.

The description of Uganda and of King Mtesa is surprising as well as interesting. A monarch who can take the field with an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men is such an African potentate as we knew not of before. King Theodore, King Coffee Calcalli, the Dahomey lord of an Amazon Legion, and the Kaffir and Zulu princes of South-east Africa, have commanded much smaller forces. But, as Mr. Stanley insists upon the accuracy of this high estimate, we are content to wonder at the obscure growth of so large a military power. "The Emperor," as Mtesa is styled by his friend Mr. Stanley, his native title being the Kabaka, is a tall, slender, good-looking man of middle age. His colour is dark red-brown, his face smooth-skinned and clean, with lips full, but not gross, eyes large, lustrous, lambent; he has an agreeable countenance, polite and cordial manners. He dresses elegantly, in a white linen tunic with red band, a vest or robe of black cloth embroidered with gold, stockings and slippers (we do not know about breeches), and a "tarboosh" with silver plate on the top. In fact he is enough of a gentleman to reign in a European capital, though he possesses too many wives for any one but the Sultan at Constantinople. He, too, is fond of "playing at soldiers with his pets," and drilling a band of Amazons, "all comely and brown, with fine virginal bosoms." Or he sits laughing and chatting with his female court and his children, and enjoys his simple repast of bananas and curdled milk. In council, however, in receiving an embassy, judging a cause, or giving orders to his ministers and soldiers, he is full of dignity and prompt decision, though liable to fits of rage. Mr. Stanley claims the merit of having instructed him, during three months, in the truths and duties of the Christian religion. Aided by a youth named Dallington, a pupil of the English Universities Church Mission at Zanzibar, he prepared for Mtesa, who can read the Kiswahili language, an abridged translation of some parts of the Bible. The Arabs visiting Uganda had previously endeavoured, with temporary success, to convert its ruler and people to the Mohammedan faith. The Emperor was now persuaded to renounce Islam for the profession of Christianity; but Mr. Stanley is not very confident of an abiding moral and spiritual effect in his illustrious convert. A despot with too many wives, and perhaps with too many courtiers and soldiers, can hardly be a favourable subject for casual evangelization. Nevertheless we are glad to believe that some good may have been done with this powerful native monarch. His alliance did not prove so efficacious as he wished to help Mr. Stanley to embark on the Muta Nzigé. The escort supplied by Mtesa basely turned back. His dominions extend about three hundred miles in length, by sixty miles in breadth, with a population reckoned at two millions and three quarters of mixed races. The Waganda, who are the ruling race, seem to be more intelligent and capable of civilization than most other African nations. The States of Unyoro and Ruanda are reputed to be equally powerful.

Mr. Stanley has reserved for a separate publication his chapters on the geography, hydrography, ethnology, and natural history of Central Africa, both East and West. We forbear accordingly now from dwelling upon those topics in noticing the present two volumes. The additions he has made to our knowledge of the Equatorial Lakes, in Eastern Africa, will be found perhaps not less important than his services in tracing across West

Central Africa the course of one of the grandest rivers in the world. These are truly wonderful and magnificent features in the physical structure of "the Dark Continent," upon which so much light of scientific observation and discussion has recently been cast. It was not till November 1876 that the author embarked on his bold voyage down the "Livingstone" or Congo. The interval of time, about six months, after leaving the region of the Victoria Nyanza and of the Nile sources, was chiefly spent in examining Lake Tanganika. We are indebted to Commander Cameron for a tolerably complete account of the shores of that very singular piece of inland water. But the problem of its outlet, and other questions of physical geography connected with it, have not yet been fully solved. The water-level is steadily rising; and Mr. Stanley is of opinion that the Lukuga creek on its western shore, after having formerly been an affluent of the lake, has recently become its outlet, and is now likely to convey its surplus water to the Lualaba, Livingstone, or Congo. This conjecture would appear to be consistent with the observations made by Cameron in 1874; yet Mr. Stanley found the creek in a very different state two seasons later. There is, indeed, but little perceptible current either way in the creek. Sometimes it has little water, and is filled with cane grass. But the whole of this curious hydrographic puzzle stands over for special consideration.

The Manyema country, with its people, first visited by Dr. Livingstone, is again described by Mr. Stanley before he leads us to the banks of the great river. He fell in there with a party of trading and travelling Arabs, who told him much of his predecessor Cameron. One of them, Hamed bin Mohammed, otherwise named Tippu-Tib in Manyema parlance, furnished him for due pecuniary consideration with a strong escort past Nyangwé through a dangerous part of the river banks. The enterprise upon which Mr. Stanley was now intent—that of descending the Congo in his boats to the Atlantic—was a really daring feat. It was undertaken by him instead of journeying to the southward through Katanga and other inviting fields of research so as to strike the tributaries of the Zambesi. The leader of the expedition had consulted upon this alternative his only surviving English comrade, Frank Pocock, and they had decided the question by drawing lots. The last eight months, from the end of November 1876, were occupied in continual struggles with several different kinds of peril, which the party had successively to encounter. These were the attacks of hostile savages, the obstacles presented by tremendous cataracts, and lastly the risk of starvation, with great sufferings from fatigue and disease, till they reached the Portuguese settlement at Boma. They had been obliged in the last days to abandon their boat, the *Lady Alice*, in the lower part of the Congo already explored by Captain Tuckey and Professor Smith; and they got to Boma by a week's toilsome walking, in a very exhausted condition. Frank Pocock had unhappily been drowned in the cataracts, so that Mr. Stanley was now the only surviving European, with about one hundred African followers in his train. He had succeeded in a performance certainly not less meritorious than that of Cameron, and worthy to be ranked with those of Livingstone and other great explorers. Of all the men, British or American, who have successively done such things, much has naturally been made at home. They have all given proof of courageous manhood. It is not requisite here to draw comparisons, or to say which should be accounted the greatest hero of laborious travel in the African wilderness.

The real merits, however, of Mr. Stanley in these remarkable achievements will not be denied. They would indeed be more cheerfully admired but for the Napoleonic air of self-commendation conspicuous in his writings and speeches. We do not quite relish the manner in which he bids us swallow the estimate of his "cannibals and cataracts." How do we know, for instance, that there are any cannibals on the Congo? The author once saw, at the village of Kampunzu in the Uvinza forest, two rows of skulls, 186 in number, laid along the village street. He was told that they were skulls of chimpanzees. The name of these animals is "soko"; but the chief of Kampunzu called them "nyama," or meat, talked of setting traps for them, and showed part of a skin of one, covered with grey fur. Now Mr. Stanley has brought home two of the skulls, and has been certified by Professor Huxley that they are the skulls of a man and a woman. Most of those he saw bore marks of a hatchet, with which the persons had been slain. It is evident that the Kampunzu chief told a falsehood in stating that they were skulls of the animals eaten by his people. The practice of adorning towns and palaces with the skulls of human enemies or malefactors is common enough in Africa, as it used to be on London Bridge and Temple Bar. It is certainly no proof of cannibalism, though a native of the place, when suddenly questioned by strangers about those skulls, might not choose to say that they were human, but those of a beast often caught for food. The alleged existence of a custom of cannibalism in some other regions of Africa seems to rest upon similar hearsay evidence. It is entirely different with the Polynesian races, whose horrid feasts have so frequently been witnessed and described.

The inhabitants along the banks of the Congo were nevertheless quite disposed to kill Mr. Stanley, whether to eat him or not; and their menacing howl of "ooh-hu," varied by some tribes with "bo-bo-oh," undoubtedly meant mischief. He had repeatedly to fight his way through these ferocious bands of savage foes, collected either in their fleets of canoes or in bushes on the riverside. Their war-cry, as he understood it, implied a promise to themselves of plenty of meat. But we suppose that might possibly refer to the plunder of his stores, instead of the actual consumption

of his flesh. We doubt not that he behaved with singular valour and dexterity in this running conflict down the great river with its wild and warlike folk. The possession of firearms must of course have much contributed to his victory and safety. It is painful to read of these sad inglorious battles; the patient wisdom of a Livingstone alone was always enabled to spare them. More interesting by far is the account of Mr. Stanley's desperate struggles with rapids and whirlpools in the mighty stream that bore his frail squadron towards the Western coast. The situation of the worst cataracts is below Ntamo, about nine hundred miles down the river from Nyangwé, and between the 16th and 17th degrees of East longitude; but the Stanley Falls, several hundred miles up, and eight degrees further east, had been sufficiently perilous two months before. In some instances these cataracts were avoided by carrying the boat and canoes on land. A pathetic interest belongs to the fate of poor Frank Pocock, who was drowned at the Massassa Falls by the upsetting of a canoe on the 3rd of June. This young man had endeared himself to Mr. Stanley by many amiable qualities, and had become his only remaining comrade of the white race; his brother, Edward Pocock, and Frederick Barker having died two years before. A hundred and seventy other lives, of natives attached to the expedition, were lost from first to last within less than three years. We hope that the next and future voyagers on the Congo in the interior of that Dark Continent will find its passage less perilous and more peaceable than Mr. Stanley did; so may it likewise be with the navigation of Lake Victoria Nyanza. It is not to be expected that England or the United States, or any other civilized country, should permit the application by its citizens of an armed force sufficient to conquer those parts of Africa. Conciliation, therefore, instead of coercion, must be used to open the way for commercial enterprise and social improvement.

THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY.*

DR. JOHNSON once expressed a hope that he might never hear of the Punic Wars again as long as he lived; and we confess that we could support life in a resigned spirit if we never heard again of the Renaissance. The period has been written about till the very word Renaissance is a weariness, and the bare mention of Savonarola is alarming. It is unfortunate that Mr. Middlemore's very workmanlike and serviceable translation of Dr. Burckhardt's famous essay (as the author modestly calls it) on the Renaissance in Italy has been published just when many readers are weary of the topic. Still their knowledge, derived from books and articles of various degrees of merit, is likely to need correction; and no author can exercise a more valuable influence in this way than Dr. Burckhardt. His style is perhaps rather dry, and he is inclined to use brief and possibly pregnant metaphysical formulæ. The words "objective" and "subjective" occur too often; and, in England at least, they have ceased to be fashionable. This very blemish in style, and the too large and empty generalizations about "the Individual" result from a love of compactness and brevity. Dr. Burckhardt's wide learning must have tempted him to be diffuse, and he has compressed his materials almost too sternly. His notes are ample, and prove most useful finger-posts, pointing the way into many fields of research which the author can do no more than indicate. His manner is most dispassionate; he is not at all occupied with the wish to say a smart or a pretty thing; his sole endeavour is to see the Italy of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as it was. There is a kind of cold tolerance and impartiality which the reader must respect, and which wins confidence, but is less alluring than the more picturesque style, for example, of Mr. Symonds. For diversion, for dramatic presentation of times past, for eager enjoyment of all that was most brilliant and strange in the life of Italy, it is to Mr. Symonds that an English reader must turn. The student who wishes to construct his own view out of original materials will find a guide to all the authorities in Dr. Burckhardt's work, and a judicial verdict on Italy and the Renaissance from which it is scarcely possible to dissent.

It must not be supposed that Dr. Burckhardt is at all the dupe of his own formulæ. He is, on the contrary, alive to the enormous difficulty of judging the past. "A great intellectual process must be broken up into single, and often what seems arbitrary, categories, in order to be in any way intelligible." Dr. Burckhardt does not, however, pretend to look on these "categories" as anything more than inadequate aids in his task. His method is to consider first the political condition of Italian life before the period of the most intense activity in letters, art, and the enjoyment of existence. He begins by sketching the tyrannies of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which, broadly speaking, produced characters of the most lawless daring. The Tyrant, whether in Milan or Ferrara or in the smaller towns, had the opportunity and the desire to sate every passion, to pamper his self-will to the top of its bent. Thus examples of the extreme development of the individual nature were always set before the people of the cities. In Italy, as in Greece, these examples, detested as they generally were, had a strange attractive force. Like Jason of Pheræ, men hungered and thirsted so long as they were not in the

enjoyment of unlimited power. Again, these tyrannies overthrew the dominion of law by a double process. They substituted for all rules of right the self-will of the despot, and they imposed on the subjects no more stringent moral check than a licentious and illegitimate caprice. The subject saw moral law violated every day, and, crowned in its place, he beheld the arbitrary sway of some usurper, very probably some bastard, who had won his crown by force or guile. The visits and intervention of the Emperors could not really legalize this state of things. Mercenaries and bastards grasped dominion by means of assassination, poisoning, and sorcery. Hence tyrannicide became a duty, as in ancient Greece, and Dr. Burckhardt notices that Catiline ("a man in whose thoughts freedom had no place whatever") was the person whom the tyrannicides imitated. Despotism tempered by the dagger produced a universal lawlessness in the cities tyrannically governed, in which the individual character had free play and plenty of room for self-development. Life in all its relations was looked on as the material of art, which shaped existence into the form most agreeable to the individual, with but little regard for moral rules.

The whole of the first part of Dr. Burckhardt's work deals with what may be called the political preparation for the Renaissance. It is impossible here to do more than express a high opinion of the compact way in which the facts are put before the reader. One passage of great ingenuity may be quoted, as it accounts by a plausible hypothesis for Macchiavelli's sympathy with Cæsar Borgia:—

In fact, there can be no doubt whatever that Cæsar, whether chosen Pope or not after the death of Alexander, meant to keep possession of the pontifical state at any cost, and that this, after all the enormities he had committed, he could not as Pope have succeeded in doing permanently. He, if anybody, could have secularised the States of the Church, and he would have been forced to do so in order to keep them. Unless we are much deceived, this is the real reason of the secret sympathy with which Macchiavelli treats the great criminal; from Cæsar, or from nobody, could it be hoped that he "would draw the steel from the wound," in other words, annihilate the Papacy—the source of all foreign intervention and of all the divisions of Italy. The intriguers who thought to divine Cæsar's aims, when holding out to him hopes of the kingdom of Tuscany, seem to have been dismissed with contempt.

The foot-notes to this passage are extremely interesting, especially the quotations from the "Venatio" of Ercole Strozza:—

Jupiter had once promised

"Affore Alexandri sobolem, quæ poneret olim
Italie leges, atque aurea sæcla referret."

The idea of Cæsar Borgia bringing back the age of gold has a sort of dry humour.

Among other notions that encouraged the play of individual self-will, Dr. Burckhardt reckons "the modern idea of fame"; to live in men's mouths, even in connexion with deeds of infamy, became an end in itself. The old custom of honouring famous people with divine rewards revived without conscious imitation of Greek manners. The tomb of Dante became a kind of Heron:—

And even Dante, in spite of all the applications to which Boccaccio urged the Florentines with bitter emphasis, remained sleeping tranquilly by the side of San Francesco at Ravenna, "among ancient tombs of emperors and vaults of saints, in more honourable company than thou, O Home, couldst offer him." It even happened that a man once took away unpunished the lights from the altar on which the crucifix stood, and set them by the grave, with the words, "Take them; thou art more worthy of them than He, the Crucified One!"

To men in this temper, and thus eager to make each for himself life as rich as possible, and as durable as possible in the recollection of their fellows, the revelation of antiquity presented itself. Dr. Burckhardt argues very sensibly that it was not the "new birth of antiquity" that made the Renaissance, but that the new birth in union with the genius of the Italian people did so. Europe was free to reject or accept the new order of things, the new view of life, he says, but, in point of fact, the acceptance was inevitable. It was the part of Northern Europe to keep alive the spirit of freedom after the Spaniards and the counter-reformation had straitened Italy again, after the Italian spirit had entered the dungeons of pietism, profligacy, and political bondage. As to the world which some regret, the old Catholic world which the Renaissance destroyed, "if those elegiac natures which long to see it return could but pass one hour in the midst of it, they would gasp to be back in modern air." This is the opinion, at least, of Dr. Burckhardt; and, indeed, if Mr. Ruskin, for example, had been born in the Italy of the thirteenth century, he would probably have been burned alive.

Though Dr. Burckhardt is determined to see more than the classical revival in the Renaissance, he gives, after his manner, a firmly sketched picture of that movement. Nothing escapes him; not the sudden growth of a sentimental interest in ruins, nor the discoveries of manuscripts, nor the industry of *Scrittori*. While the re-discovery of the Old World did much, Dr. Burckhardt recognizes in the Latin poetry of the twelfth century the expression of men's readiness to throw off the gloom of mediæval Catholicism. It is probable that far too much is said about this "gloom." Whenever one can listen and catch the echo of a singing voice—in the dawn, for instance, of the poetry of Northern France—one detects the clear note of human joyousness, and human content with love and life, with the beauty of women, and of the spring. In no age, probably, have the greater part of the hours of mortals been seriously darkened by religion. The climate and natural perverseness account for the voluntary wretchedness of English Puritans and Scotch Cameronians, and the secular ballads even about the latter are occasion-

* *The Civilization of the Period of the Renaissance in Italy.* By Jacob Burckhardt. Authorized Translation by S. G. C. Middlemore. 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

ally rather gay. It must be granted, however, that the spectacle of Greek life, as revealed in art and in classic literature, did stimulate to an unhealthy extent the joyousness of Italy. Even to the professional humanist life was by no means all made up of facile elegiacs and festivities like those which breathe on the canvas of Giorgione. We do not know that any other writer on the subject has laid bare so skilfully the miseries of the humanist as Dr. Burckhardt has done (vol. i. pp. 386-387). We are tempted to extract the passage, but must reserve our space for the still more interesting account of Petrarch's mountain expedition, in the chapter on the Discovery of Natural Beauty*:-

But the deepest impression of all was made upon him by the ascent of Mont Ventoux, near Avignon. An indefinable longing for a distant panorama grew stronger and stronger in him, till at length the accidental sight of a passage in Livy, where King Philip, the enemy of Rome, ascends the Hæmus, decided him. He thought that what was not blamed in a grey-headed monarch, might be well excused in a young man of private station. The ascent of a mountain for its own sake was unheard of, and there could be no thought of the companionship of friends or acquaintances. Petrarch took with him only his younger brother and two country people from the last place where he halted. At the foot of the mountain an old herdsman besought him to turn back, saying that he himself had attempted to climb it fifty years before, and had brought home nothing but repentance, broken bones, and torn clothes, and that neither before nor after had anyone ventured to do the same. Nevertheless, they struggled forward and upward, till the clouds lay beneath their feet, and at last they reached the top. A description of the view from the summit would be looked for in vain, not because the poet was insensible to it, but, on the contrary, because the impression was too overwhelming. His whole past life, with all its follies, rose before his mind; he remembered that ten years ago that day he quitted Bologna a young man, and turned a longing gaze towards his native country; he opened a book which then was his constant companion, the "Confessions of St. Augustine," and his eye fell on the passage in the tenth chapter, "and men go forth, and admire lofty mountains and broad seas, and roaring torrents, and the ocean, and the course of the stars, and forget their own selves while doing so." His brother, to whom he read these words, could not understand why he closed the book and said no more.

Petrarch was in the position of Cortes when, as Keats says, he stood "silent on a peak of Darien." Not a new sea, but a new universe of beauty, "swam into his ken."

The second volume of Dr. Burckhardt's work is, we think, more full and complete in itself, more rich in original thoughts, than the first. His account of the causes which prevented the rise of a great Italian drama is very clear and satisfying; his moderate judgment of the morality of Italy, or, rather, his refusal to judge so complicated a matter at all, increases the reader's respect for his impartiality and his knowledge of the limitations of history. Society in Italy was not founded, as in France and in Russia, on contempt of the "villain" or the "smerde." "On the contrary, Italian authors of every sort gladly recognize and accentuate what is great or remarkable in the life of the peasant," Dr. Burckhardt says that his information about the actual condition of the Italian peasantry is not wide and deep enough to bear the weight of a theory. Again, as to the position of women, his opinion comes to this:-"There was no question of 'women's rights' or female emancipation, simply because the thing itself was a matter of course." The most notable vice of the Italians, it seems, was that which we should rather have attributed to the Spaniards, the vice of excessive gambling. Revenge was carried out as scrupulously as in ancient Iceland, and, to be satisfactory, must be artistically neat and well managed. Astrology produced some monstrous actions, and sorcery was as popular as in India to-day or among the blacks of the West Indian colonies. The student of superstitions will find Dr. Burckhardt's chapter on magic full of useful references. If Pietro d'Abano really wrote the gruesome work attributed to him, it is no wonder that he came under the censure of the Church, even if professional jealousy did not accelerate his fall. Dr. Burckhardt subtly remarks that the Italian witch has none of "the hysterical dreams of the Northern witch, of marvellous journeys through the air, of Incubus and Succubus; the business of the 'Strega' was to provide for other people's pleasure." The supposed connexion of mediæval legends about wizards like Vergilius with classic traditions about "Teleste," "consecrating priests who were present at the solemn foundation of cities," is very plausible, and, to us at least, novel. The offering up of a bull in the Roman Forum to stay the plague, in the pontificate of Leo X., seems rather a relapse in culture, and a revival, than a natural survival. The natural result of the blending of paganism and of scepticism was the final disintegration of Christian belief, and the later subjection to the counter-reformation. In protest against fanaticism, paganism, and indifference, one voice uttered the clearest warning, and Dr. Burckhardt is aware of the immense moral force as well as the incomparably beautiful and winning character of perhaps the greatest man of Italy in that age, Pico of Mirandola. By no other writer, not even by Mr. Pater in his very interesting and picturesque study, has the weight of Pico's thought, the force of his lonely example of dignity and fortitude, been so heartily recognized:-

God, he tells us, made man at the close of the creation, to know the laws of the universe, to love its beauty, to admire its greatness. He bound him to no fixed place, to no prescribed form of work, and by no iron necessity, but gave him freedom to will and to move. "I have set thee," says the Creator to Adam, "in the midst of the world, that thou mayest the more easily behold and see all that is therein. I created thee a being neither heavenly nor earthly, neither mortal nor immortal only, that thou mightest be free to shape and to overcome thyself. Thou mayest sink into a beast, and be born anew to the divine likeness. The brutes bring from their mother's body what they will carry with them as long as they live; the

higher spirits are from the beginning, or soon after, what they will be for ever. To thee alone is given a growth and a development depending on thine own free will. Thou bearest in thee the germs of a universal life.

Pico, like Lionardo and Michelangelo, was a spirit whom we cannot study too closely or know too well. He was a prodigy of excellence, to set against the prodigies of mere wilful manfulness, the Borgias and Ezzelin.

MINE IS THINE.*

IT is not too often that we have a thoughtful novel in which seriousness is abundantly relieved by lively humour and by comedy in perfect good taste; a novel where the passion and the love-making which are its essence and the reason of its being are treated in a manner that is at once natural, manly, and sympathetic. Colonel Lockhart's success is greatly due to his easy versatility. There is little effort and no affectation in the assumption of his changing moods. He would rather laugh than not; there is no mistaking the genuine heartiness with which he throws himself into the humorous scenes that he delights in describing. But when the purposes of his art demand gravity and earnestness, he can be grave and earnest at a moment's notice. What is more, he gives one the impression of being thoroughly at home in the various parts enacted by his personages. As the impassioned lover, he pleads the cause that lies nearest to his heart with a warmth and a persuasive strength of reasoning which could hardly fail of its purpose when the lady was inclined to listen. Then he turns to the lady, and enters into her feelings, and makes her say the happiest things in the most graceful words. His love scenes were good in *Fair to See*. They are decidedly better in *Mine is Thine*; and we can easily fancy their being studied eagerly as models by modest wooers who are sighing over their embarrassments as to how they had best deliver themselves; while young-lady readers who are carried away by the moving spirit of his scenes may long more than ever for opportunities of acting what they have rehearsed. Of course imagination plays the leading part in *Mine is Thine*, as in all romances that have a right to the name. But the book has also the realism that comes from fidelity to nature and to the results of habitual and practical observation. Colonel Lockhart always writes as a man of the world-of the world which he knows and lives in. He writes as a man of heart too, although he does not wear his heart on his sleeve; but, like his hero, when his feelings are profoundly wrought upon, he forgets the *mauvaise honte* of the ordinary Englishman, and gives them eloquent expression without sensational exaggeration. There is no lack of vivacity in the story and its incidents. We have a little of most things, from politics and art to sport, dances, and lawn tennis. We are introduced to all manner of people, from dignified peers and self-asserting capitalists to volatile triflers in London drawing-rooms and rough-and-ready gillies on the Scottish moors. We have vivid descriptions of scenery and manners, from the Italian lakes and the Engadine to Hyde Park and the Highlands; and though the author dashes them in with a flowing pen, the descriptions are never over-laboured or overdone. We are far from saying that the story is free from faults. The incidents that give interest to the plot are decidedly far-fetched; as is often the case when a man is engrossed in delineating his characters. The hero, in bracing himself up to his love suit, is rather inclined to make a mountain of a molehill, which of course makes his efforts in surmounting it the more admirable. And the interposition of Providence which smooths the obstacles from his path rather trenches on the marvellous, if not on the supernatural. But the plot is slight, and meant more for a scaffolding than for one of those elaborately constructed fabrics in which writers like Mr. Wilkie Collins and Gaboriau delight. The characters are the chief objects of interest, and in the conception of these Colonel Lockhart improves in each of his successive novels. From the first he had an instinct for his art, and experience is teaching him the tricks of it. He keeps up the lively curiosity he has excited by occasionally lifting a corner of the curtain; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that all his plot is in his mind, while we have the pleasure of speculating on his designs, and may occasionally claim the credit of divining them.

The novel opens on the Lake of Como, and we are introduced to a couple of our countrymen who are of antagonistic yet kindred types. Cosmo Glencairn and his *fidus Achates* Tom Wyedale belong to the same society, and have many acquaintances and some pursuits in common. But Glencairn's higher nature is altogether in harmony with the associations and surroundings in which we meet him. By way of a soothing interlude to the ambitions which excite and dissatisfy him, he can make himself happy for a time with the charms of nature under azure skies and among odoriferous orange groves. As for Tom Wyedale, he is at once shrewdly practical and eminently the reverse. He is always snatching at the shadow and missing the substance. His simple Epicurean philosophy is concentrated on the enjoyment of the passing hour; and it is his maxim that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." He expends talents that are very greatly above the average in intriguing for snug quarters and pleasant invitations. He is naturally good-hearted, and consistently selfish and egotistical. He borrows money unscrupulously and in the

* *Mine is Thine*. By Laurence W. M. Lockhart, Author of "*Fair to See*," &c. Blackwood & Sons. 1878.

most irresistibly offhand manner from his easy and generous friend, and then characteristically borrows again that he may repay the debt when his friend is plunged in pecuniary embarrassments. Still more characteristically, in negotiating the second transaction, he takes care to intercept a commission on the loan as the reward of his disinterested virtue. Cosmo Glencairn, in spite of his high-flying ambition, might have ended his life almost as aimlessly as Wyedale. But at Como he meets his fate in a happy moment in the fair person of Esmé Douglas, only daughter and heiress of the long-descended Viscount Germinstoune. Cosmo is rich; he is eight-and-twenty; he has tried life already in several phases, and experienced a series of disappointments and disenchantments. He read hard at the University. He entered the army, forgetting that the age of chivalry had gone by, and that the service in time of peace was the most monotonous and enervating of occupations. He sold out, and set about educating himself in earnest, going abroad with a well-selected travelling library, and studying men and authors simultaneously. The course of his wanderings brought him to Como, and he was meditating over what was next to be done. His was one of those minds which do not "arrive gradually at a conviction of change, but reach with a bound each new standpoint, from which the necessities of the actual present and the things of the immediate past are instantaneously discovered to have no relation to each other, but to be separated by an impassable gulf." What he needed was "a proximate cause of special energy." Then Esmé Douglas suddenly flashed upon him, with her beauties of mind and her bewitching personality. His romantic spirit reads the hopes of their united future in the progress of the summer moon that seems to rest and shine for a moment over the villa in which the old Scotch peer and his daughter are residing. He accepts the omen, and resolves to make her the loadstone of his career; and he is encouraged from the first in his resolution of winning her by awakening her to the ties of sympathy between them.

It is unlucky that, while the lady inclines to Cosmo, her father takes him in special aversion. There is one art of which Lord Germinstoune is an accomplished master, and that is the art of making himself disagreeable. As circumstances force him into contact with Glencairn, he practises it with malevolent persistency. Lord Germinstoune is excellent. He is offensive, overbearing, often positively rude, eaten up with self-consequence and family pride, and yet you can never for a moment mistake him for anything but a gentleman. Tom Wyedale takes the old lord's measure at once, and keeps himself cleverly on his blind side, which Cosmo Glencairn never condescends to attempt. Tom can hardly be said to be a toady, for he makes himself at home wherever he goes, and takes all manner of liberties with everybody; yet, thanks to his diplomatic astuteness, he reaps all the benefits of toadyism. He makes up to the Germinstounes as a devoted amateur of good shooting. But he has to pay the penalty of being received as a friend of the family. His sister, Mrs. Ravenshall, an accomplished woman of the world, is bent upon helping him out of pecuniary difficulties by marrying him to an heiress. She does not despair of winning the wealthy Esmé for him. Tom thinks the lady beyond his reach, and opines, moreover, that "matrimony is the devil"—a position which Mrs. Ravenshall, from her personal experience, neither cares nor dares to deny. But she shows herself resolute, and Tom has to yield, and there is a deal of very excellent fooling in his reluctant advances to the beautiful Miss Douglas. Tom's spasmodic efforts at being loverlike and seductive are admirable, and they come to an appropriate climax in his final solemn proposal. He forgets all about his matrimonial intentions in watching a salmon in a pool, and after reproaching Esmé for disturbing the fish, is recalled abruptly to the business of the moment, which he carries out honourably in due form, according to his bargain with his sister, and is rewarded, to his intense satisfaction, by being kindly but peremptorily rejected. He has made up his mind to pay the penalty of his failure by going decently off to heal his heart, leaving the excellent shooting of Dunnerlacht behind him. But when Esmé, who likes him immensely, asks him why he need go, "Tom was only too glad to find that there was any question about it." He atones for his presumption by yielding gracefully to her entreaties; and then, finding himself unequal to the effort of sustaining the character of disconsolate lover, he casts all attempts at hypocrisy to the winds, and in four-and-twenty hours is again the merriest of the merry. Cosmo's happier venture is even better in its way. The offer he has been hesitating over is precipitated by a thrilling incident, which has altogether unnerved him. Esmé has had a narrow escape of falling a victim to his rifle at a deer hunt. In his agitation and gratitude he pours out his whole heart and soul to her. They have understood each other for long, though he has hardly ventured to hope, and she listens to the language she had been expecting, and does not turn away. "Only when the last words were spoken, a dewy lustre came into her eyes, and the strength of her emotion was confessed in one long, tremulous inspiration." "Has my dream been too wild," he asks, as she stands trembling and silent; "the dream which has haunted me day and night since first I saw you? Alas! you cannot love me. I am lost." Then Esmé's eyes drooped, and she answered at last, "Nay, if my poor love can save you, you are not lost." Though the exchange of their troth has already half assured their happiness, their troubles are far from being at an end. But the course of their true love runs smooth at last, and even the grim old lord is conciliated when his obstinacy has brought his child to the gates of death. The novel even gains in interest after the *dénouement* has been virtually reached at the

beginning of the last volume. And not the least entertaining parts of it are those episodes on the moors and in the forests which we have merely adverted to. We fancy that if the Highland keepers and their dogs "had" English enough to read it, they might recognize their unmistakable likenesses in Colonel Lockhart's pages.

DOWDEN'S STUDIES IN LITERATURE.*

WE have heard many things said in these latter days, not always intelligible or profitable, touching an alleged maxim of "Art for art's sake." We have not heard that criticism for criticism's sake has yet been seriously put forward as an acceptable purpose of man's life. Yet this, or something very like it, is one of the doubtful gifts which the advance of culture would seem to be bringing upon us. For the missionaries of culture have preached mightily and not in vain, and their converts multiply; and now they must have their set rites, and their books of devotion, and all things duly appointed and ordered as befits an established congregation. So that the words of the prophets, being taken up and expounded from hand to hand, and ordained for precepts to be observed by all cultivated persons, are finally beaten out into commonplaces, and a new set of grooves is made smooth to confine the direction of well-regulated tastes. There is a complete orthodoxy of culture, with all its fences of articles and formulae, and a whole armoury of esoteric phrases and other spiritual weapons. The protest of fresh and unprejudiced minds has become an anathema guarding a younger growth of prejudice. Philistinism has been cast out materially, but the form of it is a subtle thing, and always ready to find its way back. And we sometimes think, when we regard the exceedingly blameless cultivation of certain exponents of culture, that even these are Philistines in a new garb, and that a company from Gath has succeeded in pitching its tents in the very midst of the camp of the chosen people.

We do not mean that we have any serious ground of complaint against Mr. Dowden's *Studies in Literature*. Save for a certain strain of affectation which at times breaks out into manifest bad taste, that which he says is for the most part well said; much of it is obviously true, and there is little, if anything, which is not at least plausible. Every one of these essays may have had a perfectly good and sufficient occasion for being written, and may have been appropriate for that occasion. But when we get them under a common title and invested with the solemnity of a volume, we feel an uncomfortable impression of not knowing where to have them. Two kinds of criticism we are accustomed to, and can pretty well understand. One is the ordinary kind, whose first object is information, and which claims only to express competent knowledge of the particular subject with reasonable literary skill. If an intelligible and intelligent account of the matter under review is conveyed to the reader, the critic's task has been duly performed. On the other hand, there is a more refined species of criticism—it passes, we understand, by the name of the higher criticism among our most modern wits—which demands a perception of greater delicacy, and a workmanship of more exquisite cunning, than the mere communication of literary news and comments. This rises to the position of being a kind of literature in itself, and is capable of exercising not only consummate skill, but powers of artistic insight and felicity which must be classed with genius. The writers who follow these two paths must evidently have different aims and diverse ambitions. And their work cannot be tried by a common standard. It is true that no absolute boundary can be drawn between them, for the two objects may be more or less combined in one and the same undertaking; in that case, however, as the one or the other prevails, so must our judgment be determined.

Now we have some difficulty in perceiving which line Mr. Dowden has intended to take, and consequently in forming a clear opinion of the success of his performance. If he aims at simple instruction and intelligence, we should say that he may to a considerable extent effect his purpose, but that he has weighted himself with far too much pomp and elaboration; for simplicity and straightforwardness are, after all, cardinal virtues in explanation, and they are certainly not the most prominent points in Mr. Dowden's manner of writing. But if his ambition was to produce finished specimens of the artistic sort of criticism, work for the edification of those who are already informed rather than for the information of the many, then we should say that for that purpose he has been by no means too curious as to form, but there is a certain falling short in the substance. The substance is well for instruction, the form would be well for edification; as it is, they seem not to go quite evenly together. Mr. Dowden says, as a rule, exactly the sort of things which a typical disciple of the school of culture may be expected to say. If there were examinations in modern literature conducted by a competent number of moderately shining lights of that school—we introduce these qualifications to keep individuality within due bounds—a diligent candidate who had got up the subjects from this volume might count on securing a very large proportion of marks. We can almost conceive that the late Mr. Babbage could, if he had sufficiently given his mind to it, have made an automaton to write critical essays in the style of any named century or decade; and we do not think the fashionable style of the present year of grace

* *Studies in Literature*, 1879-1877. By Edward Dowden, LL.D., &c. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

would be the most difficult to provide for. You shall combine certain wheels and stops, for instance, so as to present to the machine the name of *Gibbon*; and there shall forthwith come out a most elegant and judicious sentence, explaining (with all proper turns and amplifications, and a selection of the newest epithets) how *Gibbon* was the architect of a magnificent city, but it is a city of the dead. Again, you set the machine by means of the wheels whose letters form *George Eliot*; and you collect from the self-recording apparatus, in language of the most approved modern workmanship, that *George Eliot's* prose is all but superhuman, and her poetry a complete failure, having "no living heart of music" in it.

To drop metaphor, it appears to us impossible to read many pages of Mr. Dowden's critiques without discovering that the power of the commonplace is ubiquitous and inevitable, and that we vainly seek to escape it by flying from the world's common objects and interests. For there is also a commonplace of culture and refinement yet more tyrannical than that which we have left, and the critics are fast elevating it into a fine art. And this is an art which we think ought not to be encouraged, even though considerable skill of execution be attained in it. We conceive that it is wholesome for young and thoughtful people to read books that stir and open the mind, not such as lay out all their thinking for them beforehand. Therefore we would gladly see in their hands Carlyle, or Emerson, or Matthew Arnold, all of whom in their ways illuminate by flashes, and tempt to further adventure; but we would trust with Mr. Dowden only those in whose native sturdiness and power of not believing what is told them we had a very great confidence. If Mr. Dowden should say that he writes for judicious age, we fear that the judicious elders are not very likely to read him. For it is the experience of mankind that people once well past their prentice years take either to their own hobbies or to novel-reading, and recreate themselves very little on the higher criticism unless they are specially moved thereto by reasons of public duty, or private gain, or both.

It is very true that Mr. Dowden writes well; but that is nothing to the main purpose. He commits the capital offence of being tiresome, with the extenuating circumstances of doing it on principle and in good English. The uniform good quality of his work, taken sentence by sentence, at last becomes irritating. As a whole his writing is insipid, just as daily leading articles are insipid, because he keeps exactly at the level of his audience. He may indeed happen to find an audience a little below the level; this, however, does not seem to be the aim of the book; and such readers, if they come, will probably receive the author's statements as dogma, and catch from a work of criticism the very disease which it is the business of criticism to cure. But we admit that these and similar studies will have a great value for posterity. The future Reader on the poets of the nineteenth century in the University of Timbuctoo will never be at a loss to know what was the current opinion about these men among that class of their countrymen which affected letters and frequented polite company. He will find the verdicts of the dinner-table and the tea-party recorded with an accuracy such as to make him pause once and again before he absolutely pronounces that a people with the phonograph in its infancy can have had no society worth speaking of. Then will the collectors and beautifiers of commonplace have their day, for they will be the priceless material of the historian.

Mr. Dowden's errors are almost invariably the errors of the cultivated public. He goes through a very careful comparison of the main points of Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning, and concludes with a lament that there is a dearth of transcendentalism in our later English poetry. Now a writer who can speak thus must have either not read or not understood Mr. Swinburne's *Songs before Sunrise*; and we believe that those poems, being on the whole repugnant to English tastes in their subjects and treatment, are the least understood part of Mr. Swinburne's work. Again, the average cultivated reader does not care much for *George Eliot's* poetry; and Mr. Dowden, as we have already hinted, solemnly pronounces it a mistake. After what Mr. Swinburne has written about M. Victor Hugo, it would not do to express anything short of admiration for him; and accordingly we have several pages of elaborate enthusiasm on M. Victor Hugo's poetry. Plenty of admiration is set down in words, but it does not seem to us natural, adequate, or particularly well directed. The greatest things in the *Légende des Siècles* would seem to have flown over Mr. Dowden's head—as they do over the heads of most English readers. There is a flash of real appreciation as to the wonderful flight of imagination which concludes the second part of that work; but it occurs in a footnote in another essay, and we should have supposed from the critique professedly dealing with M. V. Hugo that Mr. Dowden had not seen the second part of the *Légende des Siècles* at all.

It is really refreshing when we light upon a little paradox, such as that the first part of *Faust* is unintelligible; and even that (besides being to some extent true) is given, not as a personal conviction, but as a thing proper to be understood by all people who have attained a certain level of culture. The newest school of culture has its official paradoxes, and when Mr. Dowden comes to Walt Whitman we see with what fluency and gravity he can maintain them. We cannot say that his arguments for the "poetry of democracy" are always felicitous. His defence of Whitman's animalism is that it is not so bad as asceticism; which may be morally true, but on the artistic question of taste and decency is nothing to the purpose. Mr. Dowden ingenuously admits at the

end of this essay that he has not argued "the question which many persons are most desirous to put about Walt Whitman—Is he a poet at all?" It is not easy to argue such a question in a profitable way. We are disposed to agree with Mr. Dowden on that point.

It is only proper that we should give Mr. Dowden credit for his independence on one point of some importance; we mean his appreciation of *Daniel Deronda*, and his protest against the critics who stand amazed and indignant at a genius to whose work they are accustomed presuming to strike out a new and unfamiliar path. We also think he is right in holding that the final motive of *Daniel Deronda* is not only not absurd, but by no means very improbable:—"That an ancient people, who under every battering shock of doom have preserved their faith and their traditions, should resume their place in the community of nations, could be hardly more wonderful than that they exist at all." It is an historic fact that a great wave of enthusiasm and expectation passed over the Eastern Jews towards the end of the seventeenth century; and, if a man of genius had arisen to take advantage of it, instead of the charlatan Sabbatai Zevi, there might have been notable results. So Spinoza thought, even after the ignominious end of the false Messiah's prophesying, and at a time when he had himself sufficiently cast off Jewish prejudices; for he wrote:—"Nisi fundamenta sue religionis eorum animos effeminarent, absolute crederem eos aliquando, data occasione, ut sunt res humane mutabiles, suum imperium iterum erecturos, Deumque eos de novo electuros."

THE ABORIGINAL TRIBES OF BENGAL.*

IN the beginning of the year 1845, the police and the criminal courts of a certain district in the Presidency of Bengal were much exercised by offences of a novel kind. Children of tender age were being kidnapped, it was said, and sent away far out of the country. The strangest rumours were current. It was gravely alleged that the Maharaja of Madras, whoever this personage might be, was in want of a number of children to be offered up as sacrifices to some offended deity, who had threatened him and his subjects with dire calamities. Riots took place, and heads were broken every day. Interested persons were not backward in turning these reports to profit. Whoever had a grudge against his neighbour on account of some caste dispute, or debt, or social grievance, had only to denounce him as an emissary sent to kidnap boys and girls. Excited householders turned out in a body, and kicked and cuffed the supposed object of parental hatred till he was half killed. One of the best native officials we ever knew was specially appointed to track the rumour to its source; and the district itself was then in the hands of a magistrate of high character and undoubted capacity. When a goodly number of cases of assault and battery had been tried, and the proper number of sentences of fine and imprisonment had been inflicted, it was discovered that there was not the slightest foundation for the story. Not a child was really missing. No afflicted father or mother in a hundred villages had to lament the disappearance of their offspring. No one could tell how, why, or when the story originated. It was "in the air." It had always come from the "next bazaar," or from the "other village." And it died away just as it had arisen. This amazing credulity, the reader will say, could only have been manifested in some out-of-the-way tract, amongst strange tribes who looked with amazement on the very face of an occasional Englishman, and whose language was unknown, except to one or two missionaries. The rumour in question, we are compelled to state, obtained credit in one of the most populous and civilized districts in all Lower Bengal. All this imaginary child-stealing had for its venue bazaars within three miles of Government House at Calcutta, situated along good roads over which the merchant, the lawyer, and the civilian drove to office every day from their elegant villas at Garden Reach, Ballygunge, and Alipore. Credulity could not have been more absurdly displayed amongst Santals, Hill-men, or the Veddas of Ceylon than it was amongst Bengalis who were living, to borrow a phrase from Lord Macaulay on not dissimilar credulity, close to "printing presses, libraries, universities, scholars, logicians, jurists, and statesmen." There is nothing which, under some mysterious influence, natives not otherwise unintelligent will not swallow, from greased cartridges to kidnapped children, or to infants slaughtered, under the connivance of the British Government, in order to cure a Raja of leprosy or an old Rani of barrenness.

What the wild non-Aryan tribes of Bengal are like we shall now endeavour to show, premising that not the least interesting part of Mr. Hunter's twenty volumes will be found to contain copious information on the subject. Just twenty-three years ago the attention of Englishmen was slightly diverted from the Crimean war, then at its height, to the rebellion which had just broken out amongst the Santals. It arose from the exactions of Bengali money-lenders, it caused a good deal of trouble owing to the movement of troops in the rainy season, and it was eventually suppressed with some bloodshed. Since that event the Santal Pergunnahs have been withdrawn from the tyranny of the Regulations; the old and inefficient police have been removed; cheap justice has been brought home to these dwellers in the jungles, and the Lower

* A Statistical Account of Bengal. By W. W. Hunter, B.A., LL.D., Director-General of Statistics to the Government of India. Vols. V., VI., XIV., XVI., and XVII. London: Trübner & Co.

Provinces contain no more loyal or useful subjects than the Santals. It is quite certain that they contrive to live with tolerable comfort in districts reeking with malaria. One part of the country is moist and damp, and another is scorched in April and May by the hot westerly winds. The inhabitants, though not averse to cultivation and very neat and cleanly in their household arrangements, are inordinately fond of hunting. When a Santal is not playing the flute, or dancing, or daubing his cattle with vermilion and oil at a harvest home, or worshipping his ancestors, or propitiating local demons, or trying to be enrolled in the police, he is occupied in organizing a hunting expedition on a grand scale. His weapons are sticks, battleaxes, and bows and arrows. With the latter weapons he is an adept, and, as these battues take place in the hot weather, when the jungles are rather bare and game-birds, we regret to say, are nesting, the results are grievous in a sportsman's eyes. Indeed game has much decreased of late years, owing to this indiscriminate slaughter of pea-fowl, jungle-fowl, hares, and deer. The physiognomy of the Santal is of the Tartar type, and some officers have detected traces of the negro. The language, from specimens given in Mr. Hunter's *Annals of Rural Bengal*, is non-Aryan, and is termed Kolarian by philologists. The dialect of the Hill-men, on the other hand, is Dravidian. The former language is by no means as barbarous as might be thought, for the verb has a dual number, besides singular and plural, four voices, five moods, and nine tenses. The Santals retain some curious traditions about the origin of mankind, and inquirers agree in holding that they have no belief in a future state. This is the more remarkable because their neighbours, the Paharries, or Hill-men of Bhaugulpore, distinctly hold the doctrine of the transmigration of souls and of future rewards and punishments. Like the Santals, these latter delight in hunting, and have strict game-laws of their own, which, however, appear more to regard the tracking of wounded animals and the preservation of hunting-dogs than causeless destruction out of season. They are particular about their hair, and their features are said to be of "a mild Tamulian type." It is satisfactory to be told that the Paharries have a strict regard for truth, that they reverence and keep up noble forest trees, and that their numbers are believed to be on the increase. Their politic treatment by Augustus Cleveland, under the statesmanship of Hastings, just a hundred years ago, is a well-known and pleasing episode in Indian history, and it is matter of regret to us that the Mutiny of 1857 entailed, amongst other changes, the disbanding of the corps of Bhaugulpore Hill Rangers raised out of these tribes. They stick very much to their native hills, unlike the Santals, who descend into the plains, and even emigrate.

Parts of the country to the south-west of Bhaugulpore and the Santal Pergunnahs are tenanted by a race called Kols, whom Mr. Hunter divides into two main branches—the Munda Kols and the Larka Kols. Larka means "fighting," and this branch of the tribe was true to its name, and gave us a deal of trouble for more than fifty years. They were placed, during the early period of our rule, under Hindu chiefs, Rajputs, who, however, could neither conciliate nor conquer their nominal subjects. Their civil wars, raids, and expeditions for plunder culminated between 1832 and 1836. The country was then penetrated by a British force; the interference of the Rajput chiefs was forbidden; the Kols were brought into direct relations with the British Government; and though a section thought it necessary to support the rebellious Raja of Parahat in 1857, the capture of the principal offender put an end to that movement; while, owing to good roads and a simple form of administration, these aborigines bid fair to give little trouble in future. Some curious particulars are scattered through these volumes as to the village organization of the Kols. Physically some of them are a fine race, and superior to the Santals. The clothing, even of the women, is of the slenderest kind. It is satisfactory to learn that, though adult girls remain on hand unmarried owing to the expenses of marriage, and even become grey-headed spinsters, this has not led to the female infanticide so common amongst Rajput tribes. Avaricious demands on the part of the father-in-law are met by resort on the suitor's side to the expedient of Young Lochinvar. Endeavours are now being made, but without much success, to diminish the excessive number of cattle required from the bridegroom by a father of good family. The women do a good deal of agricultural work, except ploughing. The men are good marksmen, keep hawks for hunting, spin peg-tops, unmercifully belabour persons who are suspected of witchcraft, and keep seven great festivals in the year, at which they consume immoderate quantities of beer made of rice, and, what is worse, give their animal passions the most shameful license. They—the Hos Kols, at least—are described as rash, headstrong, and impulsive, but lovers of truth. They have some vague idea of a future state, but any "conception of heaven or hell is traced to Brahmanical or Christian teaching." All these tribes inhabit regions which must always remain more or less jungly; and their primitive manners will happily afford, for some time to come, a scope for the personal influence of English officials who can afford time to study odd manners and customs as displayed in competitive games, feasts, and more solemn ceremonies. The reader must not imagine that we have done more than give a mere outline of what these volumes contain in the shape of the divisions of the tribes, lively displays at marriages, solemn funerals, and minute classification of semi-Hindu aborigines.

We have been dealing hitherto with Western Bengal; but far to the East, on the borders of the district of Mymensingh, the River Bramaputra is deflected from its natural course as it leaves the province of Assam, and winds round a tract of country known as

the Garow or Garo Hills. Till recently very little was known of this region. The climate was excessively unhealthy; the rainfall was measured by feet; and the inhabitants were barbarous. They had an unpleasant habit, which we do not think Mr. Hunter notices, of making descents into the plains and returning with the heads of Bengali cultivators. Not that there was any national or social antipathy between the mountaineers and the dwellers in the rice tracts; but the Garo wanted a skull to appease the wrath of some divinity, and it was comparatively easy to pounce on some luckless cultivator who, on a platform of bamboo, was keeping off wild hogs at night from his crops, cut off his head, and be back in the unapproachable jungles before morning. The Garos are keen hunters, very uncleanly in their persons, and have no fastidious notions about food. Frogs and snakes, jackals and foxes, are constantly eaten by them, and the Garo is a great consumer of beer. We apprehend that when Mr. Hunter comes to describe the Chief Commissionership of Assam, he will give us a full account of the Garos of the Hills, who have recently been made over to that province. No practical steps were really taken with this wild region until 1872. Though the hills could be seen from the deck of an Assam steamer as it worked its slow way up from Serajunge to Goalpara, we really knew less about the Garos, their habits, language, diet, and mode of life, than we did about many a tribe in Central Africa.

To make up for a deferred history of the Garos we have ample disquisitions on the Chittagong hill-tribes. Since the year 1860 the hilly and jungly tracts to the east of the Chittagong district have been placed under the control of an officer termed the Superintendent. It may be doubted whether picturesque scenery, rocky defiles, cascades, tree-ferns, and a background of dark jungle, with inhabitants that afford an unlimited field for speculation and inquiry, can compensate for the isolation and loneliness of the life. What is extremely creditable, however, is that the solitude is endured and the work is done. Here we find Khyoungthas and Chakmas and Tounghthas, with endless subdivisions, some of whom remind us that we are on the borderland of Buddhism and the dialect of Arracan. The Hill population has been variously estimated at 63,000 and at 100,000 souls. It is, however, probable that the numbers have been purposely diminished by the chiefs, who pay a capitation tax to our Government as tribute, and who evidently think that numbering the people means increased taxation. These barbarous people, with their trials by the ordeal of chewing rice, their worship of sylvan deities, their houses of bamboos thatched with leaves, and their belief in dreams, have one custom which wise and civilized beings might adopt. In cases of sickness they put the village in quarantine. Formerly, they say, men and women lived to the age of ninety or a hundred years old; now the duration of life is cut down, on the average, to sixty years. One tribe, that of the Pankhos, have a tradition that in early ages men, birds, and beasts all spoke one language. But the animals and birds pleaded so pitifully to the hunters for their lives that God took from them the power of speech, and then food became plentiful. May not this be the savages' way of accounting for that strange dominion given to man over the lesser creation which was such a puzzle to Charles Kingsley?

Besides populous tribes inhabiting particular tracts which are cut off by physical obstacles and climate from the plains, there are, here and there, specimens of aborigines who have been imported or immigrated of their own accord into the settled districts, such as Dacca, for instance. They retain their own customs, though some are nominally Hindus, while others have lost all trace of their original abode, and cannot even make out a traditional history for themselves. On one tribe of Bediyas, a kind of gipsies, it has been customary to cast the blame of increased thefts and robberies, and we are glad to find that the collector of the district, where they make their appearance at stated intervals, clears them of this charge. It is extremely convenient for Hindu and Mohammedan police officials, when puzzled to account for undetected crime, to lay it at the door of jungly and unkempt travellers, whose customs and dialect they hold in sovereign contempt. With firmness tempered by conciliation the wild tribes in most parts of India are very easily managed. Men whose ancestors were driven out of the plains by the first Aryan conquerors, and who have been themselves over-reached and ill-treated by Hindu moneylenders or haughty Rajpoot chiefs, at once yield to an active and resolute Englishman who calls the head men together, explains the wishes of Government, and can be trusted to do what he says he intends to do. Sir James Outram's early triumphs were gained amongst the wild Bheels of Western India. Sir George Yule and his successors have never had any difficulty in managing the Santals for the last twenty years. A harder problem of Indian official life is successfully to govern acute Hindus and fanatical Mohammedans, who, under a polished exterior and smooth phrases borrowed from civilization, conceal passions far more deadly than those of Santals and Kols.

AGRICULTURAL FRANCE.*

(Second Notice.)

IN our first notice of this work we spoke of the preservation of old provincial names—the names not only of Burgundy, Picardy, &c., but of districts such as La Beauce, La Sologne, Le Morvan, which answer to our Craven and Holderness, not being

* *The Corn and Cattle-producing Districts of France.* By George Gibson Richardson. Illustrated. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

subdivisions of departments, but ancient popular divisions of the country with various historical origins. The preservation of the old names gives a malicious satisfaction to many people of strong conservative instincts, both in France and elsewhere, who say, "You have done your best to efface the old customs with your newfangled departments and arrondissements, but you have not succeeded, for the French people take no account of your new inventions; they stick to the good old names." Some English writers appear to derive a still keener satisfaction from the popular resistance to the decimal system of weights and measures and money. There is no doubt that the decimal system is evaded in various ways, but the exact truth is not likely to be fairly stated by a partisan of one side or the other. An English critic once observed that the law had invented centimes, but the people calculated in sous, and he seemed to think that the decimal system was set aside by this popular habit; but the fact is that modern French money contains two complete decimal systems—one based upon the franc with its division into a hundred centimes, and the other on the five-franc piece with its division into a hundred sous. Calculation is of course just as easy in one as in the other, and French shopkeepers use one or the other in their mental calculations exactly as convenience may suggest. The peasants prefer the larger coin, for the simple reason that a sou, which they constantly see and handle, is more familiar to their minds than a centime, which they have to imagine; but this preference proves nothing whatever against the utility of the decimal system, which is, in fact, a very near approach in values to the American dollar and cents. The nominal preservation of the *liard* amongst the rural population is more to the point, as it is a rebellion against the great defect of the sou, its non-divisibility into two equal halves. The *liard*, when it existed, was worth three deniers, and four *liards* made a sou. It is obvious, therefore, that there is a certain convenience in retaining the *liard* as a fictitious money for facilitating certain calculations, and the peasants do so in some parts of France; but even there it is dying out, and the younger people do not always know what a *liard* means, whereas they all learn what a centime means. We know a region where the farmers, when selling cattle, will calculate in pistoles—a pistole being worth twenty-four francs; just as an Englishman for his own convenience will often calculate French money in pounds sterling, reckoning the pound at twenty-five francs exactly. These varieties of habit, which are fast dying out, prove nothing against the actual decimal system, which all French clerks and tradespeople regard with feelings of strong attachment. With regard to weights and measures, people often evade the decimal system whilst apparently complying with it externally; but even here it is making its way steadily. The difficulty is that, although people know the legal system, they do not always think in it. For example, everybody knows what a kilometre is, as the stones mark the distance on every high road in France; but if you tell a person (even in the educated middle class) that the distance from one town to another is forty-eight kilometres, you will often observe that it has given his mind no enlightenment, and he will mutter to himself, "Quarante huit kilomètres, ça fait douze lieues," after which his countenance will beam with intelligence, like that of a man who has just successfully translated a sentence out of a foreign tongue. The *lieue* is now reckoned as four kilometres, and consequently is a measure quite foreign to the decimal system, but it is retained in the popular mind as a convenience. We have sometimes asked in what the convenience consisted, and have been told in reply that one village is often separated from another by a league, or thereabouts, and that a league is an hour of leisurely walking, so that it is a convenient space to remember. The fact is that the kilometre seems too short and the myriamètre too long, so the league holds its place between them. With regard to measures used in commerce and weights the law is evaded and conformed to at the same instant in a manner felicitously explained by M. Victor Borie, whom Mr. Richardson quotes:—

The law absolutely forbids the use or quotation of any measures but those of the metrical system: what have our dear fellow-citizens done? By the aid of multiples and aliquot parts of the legal standards they have re-established all the old local weights and measures. Take the following instances from corn markets in different parts of the country:—At Cannes, at Toulon, at Provins, corn is quoted at per 160 litres; at Guise, at Lagny, at Lille, at Paris, per 150 litres; at Clermont, 130 litres; at Amiens, 200 litres. These, however, are all by measurement. Other markets make matters worse; they are quoted by weight—at Soissons, per 1,000 kilos; at Rennes, per 165 kilos; at Senlis, per 128; in the Meurthe et Moselle, at 100 kilos; at Angoulême, 80 kilos, &c. &c. You will understand the position of a wretched corn merchant having to work out twenty, fifty times a day this little problem:—"If 120 kilogrammes of wheat cost 23 francs 50 centimes, what is the price of 150 litres?" "Being given the length and breadth of the ship, what is the name of the captain?" Now, you cannot hinder a man offering his corn in lots of 80, 130, 150 litres, or 128, 165, or any other number of kilos, nor punish any one for so buying it; the only thing that can be done is to forbid the publication by the local authorities, or in any newspaper, of quotations other than those of a uniform quantity all through the country.

After making these quotations Mr. Richardson goes on to remark that people ask for an aune of cloth and they receive a mètre and 20 centimètres; for a pound of sugar, and they get 500 grammes; for a quarter of a pound of coffee, and they get 125 grammes. He also observes, quite truly, that there are many parts into which the new names seem hardly to have penetrated, parts of the country where people know nothing of hectares, but give the measurement of land in journals, centiers, hommés, quartiers, and bonniers; that of corn in bushels, or double bushels; where they talk about livres, sous, and liards—not francs and centimes—and quote the price of cattle in pistoles. Mr. Richardson might have added

that firewood, which ought always to be sold by the cubic metre (*stère*), is very frequently sold by the *corde*, or two loads, a double cube of four French feet. These survivals of old habits prove, in most cases, nothing whatever against the new scientific system; but in some cases they do, especially in the preservation of the pound, with its division into half and quarter. Even, however, when the whole truth is admitted, the metrical system is still convenient as a universally accepted standard of reference. The diffusion of education amongst the people will no doubt ultimately leave it without a rival.

Mr. Richardson is, we think, a little less than just to the French country clergy. They live, it is true, on wonderfully small stipends, which can scarcely be sufficient for more than the bare necessities of life when they are not eked out by private property or by presents; but this poverty does not prevent them from maintaining both decency and dignity, and they are, on the whole, both a respectable and a respected body of men. You seldom meet with a village priest who is really well informed (though there are sometimes priests of very high culture indeed in the country towns); and it is quite true that the priest usually, or very often, belongs by birth and connexions to the peasantry; but Mr. Richardson is, we believe, disposed to rate the position of the village priest as even more unenviable than it really is. He lives rent-free, and has always a small garden, which generally provides him with vegetables; his parishioners frequently send him presents of fowls, nice pieces of pork when they kill a pig, &c.; while his richer neighbours send him game. Marriage, of course, he has not to trouble himself about, and that is the great expense of life. Custom enables him to dress upon next to nothing, as he constantly wears his old black cassock. The extent of his establishment is fixed also by custom, and consists invariably of one elderly woman who is cook and housekeeper in one. Sometimes a country priest will starve himself from voluntary asceticism; but the best proof that starvation is not an inevitable portion of his lot is that the country clergy, as a rule, have both the appearance and the reality of good health. They do not eat as many dishes as the *commis voyageurs* in the hotels, but they have a sufficiency for temperance. If their housekeeping were miserable they would not so easily find servants, and their servants would not remain with them so long. Again, Mr. Richardson says that there are not too many places where there exist families able and willing to offer the clergy the hospitality of their houses. Without pretending to determine what may be done in parts of France with which we are not acquainted, we can only say that in all French villages that we know (and we know a good many) there is always, either there or in the immediate neighbourhood, at least one well-to-do house (generally three, and sometimes half-a-dozen) where the *curé* is sure of a welcome. In the wine districts, the hospitality of the vine-growers—a class answering to the wealthier peasantry in other parts—is profuse, and the *curé* gets his full share of it. So true is this that, if you meet a priest at a friend's house, you are always sure of a good dinner. Again, we feel strongly disposed to dispute Mr. Richardson's assertion that the priests have "in most cases been devoted to their profession without any consultation of their wishes." It would be just as accurate to say this of the English clergy. The time is past when a peasant father could settle what his sons were to be without consulting their tastes; the peasants cannot even keep their sons in their own line of life, notwithstanding all the influence of household custom. The genesis of a *curé* is usually as follows:—A lad is rather quieter than his brothers, naturally somewhat more refined, a little more pious, a little more studious; his mother thinks he would be a credit to the family if he became a *curé*; he on his part either feels a definite desire that way, or at least has no objection, as the position is socially a rise in life (in most cases) for him; and the thing is settled. An Englishman, writing about the French clergy, is liable to the mistake of comparing them with clergymen of the Church of England, who for wealth and culture and social standing are the most exceptional body of clergy in the world. The right comparison to make would be with the clergy of other Continental countries.

Mr. Richardson's description of the French farmer's life as devoid of the graces and elegances which have of late years penetrated into English farmhouses is quite accurate:—

As a matter of money-making, a French farmyard in a good country is all that could be desired. Large enclosed yards, good buildings, the house overlooking the yard and the buildings and all that is going on, but with none of the attractions that make the smallest homestead in England the sort of place a moderate-minded man would be content to spend his life in. If the good farms are like this, one may judge what the others are; the farmer and his family living in the kitchen, the floor of mud, the walls perhaps also of mud, poultry as free to come and go as the master and mistress. Country life in France for a farmer's wife has no attractions to compete with those of the towns.

The only exaggeration we notice here is that about the mud floor and walls. In all the farmhouses we have visited in France the kitchen floor was of stone or brick, and the walls plastered, though the plaster takes a rich brown colour from the smoke (much appreciated by French painters of rustic life), which may have rather a mud-like appearance. The new farmhouses which are springing up all over the country are well built and well lighted, the only objection to them being that they are often too small for the family and farm-servants. In other respects they are healthy, cheerful, and convenient. The following paragraph is perfectly true:—

Farming in France means business, and wants the attractions which educated women look for; for most days in the week, except on market

days, and then only partially, the farmer over a great part of the country cannot be distinguished from his labourers by any superiority of dress or personal appearance—it may even be said, of manners or speech.

Still, on the other hand, it may be said with truth that there is now more of a gradation of classes between the real peasant and the country squire than there was formerly. Many of the smaller squires of to-day, cultivating a part of their own land and letting the rest, are the grandsons of peasants; and we have sometimes met with men holding a curiously intermediate position between the two, so that it was difficult to decide whether they were to be considered peasant or small squire, and the difference seemed to be marked by the putting on or the removal of a blouse. We remember one instance as especially typical—a man whose manners were good, though plain; whose French was correct, though simple, and without the elegances of the Academy; who had 12,000*l.* of his own, and lived as it were between two classes in rural society. He had the feelings of a gentleman, and some education; but, either from modesty or pride, would persist in wearing a blouse over his broadcloth, and this kept him lower in the social scale than the rank which he might easily have taken. More commonly you may see well-to-do small squires of recent origin dressing like gentlemen and keeping a neat one-horse carriage, whose mothers, if still alive, still dress as peasant women, or very nearly so, wearing at least something that marks the peasant class.

Mr. Richardson, though generally accurate, sometimes yields to the great temptation of all authorship—that of making an effective phrase by exaggeration. Here is an example:—

Formerly, in the absence of roads and public conveyances, riding was a necessity for numbers of people all over the country; but since the general improvement in the means of communication no one rides in France except those few people who take an airing in the Bois de Boulogne at Paris.

It is quite true that the good roads have made riding on horseback no longer general, but there are still many exceptions to the abandonment of the practice. Young gentlemen in wealthy families have saddle-horses in the country, and you may sometimes, though not often, see an elderly gentleman riding a good horse. The practice of riding, as a regular physical exercise, is most common amongst the officers of the army; we do not mean in cavalry regiments, where it is a matter of course, but in the infantry, where (except for field officers) it is only a manly exercise or luxury. It is quite possible, however, that there may be parts of France where a man on horseback is now very seldom seen. The most valued horse amongst the peasantry is one that can trot well in harness with a good, long step, and draw a light spring cart with very high wheels at a great rate along the excellent roads.

The English newspapers are often very witty about the absence of game in France, and amuse their readers with stories which leave the impression that there is nothing to be shot, except now and then a tom-tit or a cock-robin. The truth is that in most country places with which we happen to be acquainted, there is generally game during the season in the larder of every gentleman's house, whilst the hotels in the towns are kept abundantly supplied with it, often by poachers. The farmers find game only too plentiful, as it often harms their crops. Wild boars, which exist in great numbers in some parts, are particularly vexatious neighbours, and so in another way are rabbits. Mr. Richardson seems to be well informed about these matters. He says:—

The climate and soil of France are very suitable for game, which breeds largely. Where the buildings are very small and populations thick, game cannot exist; but everywhere else there is an abundance. In any open country, called in France "la plaine," partridges breed and rear large coveys. Many hundreds of nests are lost yearly from the hen bird being destroyed or disturbed in the small patches of clover or lucerne where she has her nest. A keeper in Beauce has stated that he has lost as many as 1,100 nests in one season when cover was scarce and the lucerne patches most resorted to for nests.

The shooting is open to any one, unless notice is put up that it is reserved, such notice being indicated by a wisp of straw or a placard, and in the open country and on unreserved land it is easy enough for one gun to get from ten to twenty brace in a morning's shooting, and in the first days of the season in a good game country such as La Beauce. This chance does not last long; within a week the birds pack, or are driven to the preserved grounds, and from that time no good shooting can be got except where there is cover, and where the ground is preserved. In these latter cases the shooting is always good—that is, for partridges, quail, hares, and rabbits.

Mr. Richardson goes on to say that good shooting lets at a high rate, and he mentions several instances; but we do not quote them, because they are good preserves near Paris, where the geographical situation counts for a great deal. At a distance from Paris shooting may be had at moderate rates.

The contrast between England and France as an importer and an exporter of food is very curiously shown in the butter statistics. According to those given by Mr. Richardson, France exports butter to the value of about 4,000,000*l.*, and England imports the same article to more than double that amount—namely, about 10,000,000*l.* Considerably more than one-third of the foreign butter used in England comes from France. Mr. Richardson tells us that the most important house for this export trade, the commission for whose business in London is said to be worth 8,000*l.* a year, is managed by a woman, and thoroughly well managed too. The differences of price in French butters are very wide indeed, and depend upon both quality and reputation. Throughout the winter, butter from Isigny, in Normandy, fetches in Paris no less than three shillings a pound wholesale, that from Gournay fetching two shillings. Mr. Richardson tells an anecdote which proves that there must be something really scientific in butter-tasting:—

At Paris, in 1875, 350 samples of butter were exhibited, and when the

fifteen best had been selected and placed in the order of their merit, one of the judges, to test the delicacy of his palate, turned his back to the table, and had a piece of each of the fifteen presented to him, when he placed the whole fifteen precisely in the same order as had been agreed upon by the judges.

We are not quite sure that we are as good judges of books as this gentleman was of butter; but, after tasting almost every page of Mr. Richardson's volume (and it contains 520), we are quite inclined to place it in the first rank of works of information. A book which abounds in figures and statistics can scarcely be light reading; but there is great eloquence in figures, and, besides this, Mr. Richardson has a clear style, admirably adapted to his purpose. He is not unpleasantly brief, and he is never verbose; he often enlivens his pages with interesting paragraphs, and country newspapers would find them a rich mine for extracts. Mr. Richardson does not pretend to give all his information from personal knowledge; "such knowledge, indeed," as he justly observes, "it would not be possible for one person to attain"; but he has derived it from the best sources, duly acknowledged at the close of the book, and especially from M. Léonce de Lavergne, whose work, *The Rural Economy of France*, now somewhat out of date, suggested the present volume.

NASH'S OREGON.*

WE have read this book with not a little interest. A man who travels to Oregon has, indeed, neither discoveries to make nor adventures to relate that go beyond the common. Even in the wildest part of that newly settled country, as Mr. Nash tells us, "the State's writ runs." The marshal and his deputy boldly arrest the wrong-doer, and "a legal notice posted on the courthouse door, and advertised in the newspapers, sufficed to put a stop to illegal timber-cutting in the far recesses of the woods." Where but a very few years ago tribes of fierce Indians roved, now the sub-editor of a newspaper is met with as he goes his rounds, distributing from farmhouse to farmhouse copies of his last week's paper, collecting subscriptions, and gathering "items" for his next number. A sub-editor in Oregon is, indeed, very far from Bohemian. He is "respectably dressed"—that is to say, he wears a white shirt, a black coat and waistcoat, and a clerical-looking felt hat. We must not, therefore, in such a country as this look for a narrative of the kind that we should expect from the latest traveller in the interior of Africa. But, though Oregon is not an unknown country, we will undertake to say that it is very little known to the ordinary Englishman. As Mr. Nash says, "there is not available any simple and popular account of the State." This want he has fully supplied. He has himself gone over a considerable part of the country, he has gathered all the information that he could get about the parts that he did not visit, and he has combined in an agreeably written narrative the accounts of what he saw and what he heard. In one or two passages he might with advantage have studied brevity; but, compared with most travellers, he has treated his readers with great consideration. He has very rarely found it needful to tell at any length incidents which, if interesting to any one, were interesting only to him to whom they happened. He has not, each time that he ate his dinner, thought that the world would care to know what dishes were set before him, how they were cooked, and with what appetite he fell to.

If we can rely on Mr. Nash's judgment, Oregon would seem to be a very Paradise for the settler. We must remember, however, that he saw it only in summer-time, and that for the account of the winter season he had to trust to the report of others. He went there, moreover, as the friend of a Californian gentleman who "had devoted the best years of his life and a vast amount of energy, intelligence, and capital to acquiring extensive tracts of land in Oregon." He was, quite unconsciously no doubt, taken there, as it were, to bless, and he certainly has not disappointed his friend by cursing. But, from his whole narrative, it is clear that he closely looked into matters himself, and that he has a fair share of sound judgment. He was not, moreover, exposed to the full and undivided influence of his Californian friend, for they did not travel alone. They were accompanied by Mr. Moseley, the naturalist to the *Challenger* Expedition, and by another English gentleman. In his preface Mr. Nash "regrets that Oregon is not a British colony—that ignorance as to its capabilities and lack of faith in its future prevailed when it was ceded to the United States." It was not so much through ignorance or lack of faith that we ceded Oregon. So long ago as 1822 Lord Castlereagh told the American Minister that such was the condition of the Oregon question between England and the United States that war could be produced by holding up a finger. More than twenty years later "the question" (we quote Miss Martineau) "was as unsettled, and almost as perilous, as ever." No doubt, at the time when we entered into the compromise with the United States by which we ceded Oregon, we were not by any means fully aware of the great natural advantages of the country. At the same time, if we had been bent on retaining it, we should have had to fight for it; and it may well be doubted whether even Oregon was worth a war with a great Power. Moreover, the loss was not all on our side. The treaty was a compromise, by which some of our claims were admitted, just as others were refused. In any

* *Oregon: There and Back in 1877.* By Wallis Nash. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

case, it is useless to regret what is past. We must content ourselves as best we can with the liberal terms that the American Government offers to foreign settlers. We may perhaps find some cause of satisfaction in feeling that there is at least one obstacle raised to a general emigration of our farmers to this Promised Land, which is but twenty days from our shores. If it were not for the dislike of settling in a foreign country, "many hundred farmers struggling here in England to make both ends meet, and ground between the mill-stones of rent and tithe on the one hand, and grumbling, striking farm-labourers on the other, might" not only be "envious of the possessions" of the settlers in Oregon, but might start off to get their share in them. For in that happy land, in the thirty-three years during which it has been settled, no failure of the wheat crop has ever occurred. The seasons are so regular that the farmers go on putting in grain from November till the end of April. Barns are not needed. "Thrashing goes on in the fields, and thence the corn is sent directly to the warehouse for use or exportation." The smaller farmers, counting as they can on the regularity of the seasons, employ very few labourers. They have none of that press of work which constantly comes upon those who farm in uncertain climates. The larger farmer to a great extent works his farms by contract. Every year contractors come round to see how many acres of wheat he will want put in, and how many he will want reaped. The contractor supplies men, horses, ploughs, and machines for reaping and thrashing. The farmers in some parts have a curious kind of union among themselves which they call a "Grange." Some twenty or thirty of them join together to make common sales and purchases of produce of all kinds. "They meet at stated times to discuss the price of wheat, the iniquities of the grain-ring, and the rest of the farmer's topics; they have storage in common for their corn, and a corporate life involving power to sue in common at law and liability to be sued." In some parts they have a great difficulty in finding any use for all their produce. They feed their pigs with apples. The owner of a fine orchard of twelve acres told Mr. Nash that "he was thinking of cutting down his trees and ploughing his orchard for wheat, not knowing what to do with the fruit." In so new a country there is still of course a great want of roads. Tracks, indeed, have been cut through the forests, and the stumps of the trees have generally been grubbed up; but even in the streets of the towns neither broken stones nor gravel have been laid down. "In winter a few inches of mud make walking all but impossible away from the plank footpath of the streets." It seems strange that a country should found its University before it paves its streets, but such is the case in Oregon:—

A high value is set on education. Far away from towns, on farms miles away from a settlement, we met repeatedly brown-jacketed, high-booted, dirty-shirted, ragged-hatted fellows, who had ideas on the currency question, were familiar with American history, knew the wrongs and a few of the rights of the Alabama difficulty, and could talk intelligently on the labour question and Chinese immigration.

Endowments have been set apart for education which, if they are not disturbed, will make a noble provision for the future. For the University 66,000 acres have been set aside, for the State Agricultural College 90,000 acres, and for the public schools no less than 500,000 acres. The Agricultural College is already very popular. Mr. Nash was told by the Principal that "it was very common for the farmers to save and pinch to send their lads to the College for a couple of years, and that it was often a wonder to him to find how much learning they had gathered up there in the back country." There are, of course, in every town, however small, the usual common hall, and the usual weekly course of lectures and entertainments. To these the farmers and their families flock in from the neighbourhood. Though the farms are somewhat scattered, yet there is no want of social life. During the late summer and autumn it is common for whole families to go for a few weeks in their waggon to camp out on the mountains. Sometimes they are four or five days on their journey. They choose for their encampment "some favourite dell, high up, with a cool spring bubbling over the rocks at one side, and a clear sward in front." The men spend the time in hunting, the boys in fishing, while the women and girls gather mountain berries, which they boil down into jam for winter use. The families meet, too, in much the same way as they still meet in the Cumberland valleys. There, when a farmer shears his sheep, all his neighbours come in to lend a helping hand, and to share in the feast which it is the labour and pride of the farmer's wife to provide. In Oregon it is at "the roof-raising, barn-building, bridge-laying, and other labours too great for the one or two pairs of hands which one family can command," that the gathering takes place. The owner of the property gets everything ready so far as it is in his power. He hews down the trees, and cuts them into lengths. "Then he sends his boys out to tell his neighbours within, say six or seven miles radius, that he will raise his barn on Tuesday week. The wife sets to in good time, and roasts and bakes enough for a small army." On the appointed day waggon after waggon drives up, bringing not only the farmer, but also his whole household. "The horses are 'unhitched'; and the drag-chains put on, and soon from the woods the massive beams are dragged in towards the barn site with shouts and laughter." By dinner-time the frame is up, and the roof-tree and rafters are in their places. To nail on the boards can be done by the farmer himself without the help of others. Then the feast begins—one worthy, indeed, of Homeric heroes. It is kept up with the help of singing and romping "till the terribly late hour of eight or nine o'clock; and then home they

go, each prepared to render in turn the service he in turn receives." What a melancholy and dreary affair is one of the dinner-parties of civilized life compared with such a scene as this! What an appetite must a man bring to his dinner who first earns it by his labour, and how pleasant must be the freedom and the absence of all restraint! And yet even in Oregon there is the oppression of respectability. The sub-editor, as we have shown, felt it needful to wear a black coat and waistcoat as he went his rounds. On one occasion when the party was stopping at a farmhouse one of them, who drew a little in water-colours, painted a picture of the farmer and his family. The next morning up rode a young farmer "in grey work-a-day clothes, and with three axes on his shoulder he was going to get ground." He shouted out, "Which of you fellows is the man that takes photographs? If he wants to take me, I'm his man." The sketcher told him that he would take him at once; but the man cried out, "Hold hard a bit; I guess I'll get myself fixed up a bit before I have my picture taken." He was told that he would be taken only as he was, but he was told in vain:—

Off he cantered, his axes clattering, his hair streaming freely under his rough hat. In about twenty minutes back he galloped, and reined up proudly among us just as we had finished breakfast. What a change! a shiny suit of black clothes, bought ready made and no fit; a white shirt, a bright blue silk tie, a purple riband round his neck, with a great white metal Centennial medal; another medal, some temperance badge, pinned to his waistcoat; his hair combed out straight and oiled. "Now I guess I'll do," he cried out. No one moved; the artist went on quietly splicing a broken fishing-rod.

After sitting there on his horse for a minute or two, he called again, "Where's the photographer?" No one answered. He waited again, and at last the idea struck him that people sometimes meant what they said. So with a parting observation, "I guess some fellows can't judge when a man's best looking," he rode off.

So even in Oregon he who kicks against the restraints of respectable life will scarcely find what he looks for. Even there he will find that "a shiny suit of black clothes" has a kind of divinity that doth hedge a man.

We should have liked, had we space, to touch on the interesting account that Mr. Nash gives of California. Oregon, that Paradise of farmers, may, as he says, be only twenty days from England, but it is not only by days that journeys are measured. Last year in San Francisco the author found "men going armed about their daily work." As he walked along the street he saw a crowd gathered round a chemist's shop, and learnt that inside it a poor fellow was lying dead who had been shot "by a man with whom some trivial quarrel had arisen from a hasty push on leaving the lift by which both men had descended from their bedrooms to breakfast." He was taken to see a rock near the town where so-called seals lived which were made a kind of public pet. He was told by his host that "it would be far safer for a rough to kill a Chinaman than one of the seals, for if one was shot at and hurt, the rascal's life would not be worth an hour's purchase." As we see how cheap the life of a man is held in this the neighbouring State to Oregon, through which the settler must pass unless he goes a long way round, we may perhaps reconcile ourselves to some of the restraints of the old country, and to "the mill-stones of rent, tithe, and striking farm-labourers," and exclaim, with a slight change, in the words of Cowper:—

Thou seeming sweet,
Be still a pleasing object in my view,
My longing still, but never mine abode.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

NOT a few, perhaps, at least among our younger or weaker readers, have been so far affected by the literary taste or fashion of the day as to indulge more or less covertly, with such excuse as illness or enforced idleness may afford, in that enjoyment of sensational fiction which, to those whose standard or whose habits were formed on better models, is among the most incomprehensible vagaries of popular fancy. The last or penultimate form assumed by this type of fiction on our side of the Channel is that which we may style the Detective; stories in which crime is a prominent but a secondary element; the hero being not the perpetrator, but the prosecutor, and the interest turning not, as it threatened lately to do, on the monstrosity of the outrage and the successful defiance flung by the criminal at society and law, but on the superhuman ingenuity with which slight indications, carefully dropped here and there by the novelist, are made to furnish some professional or amateur policeman with the materials out of which a clue is constructed, and a network of evidence, supposed to be legally conclusive, thrown around the unsuspecting culprit. In this sub-species of sensational fiction few even of the most daring and inventive English writers have surpassed Mr. Allan Pinkerton, who is, or professes to be, the head of an extensive detective organization in the United States, and whose name has probably been brought under the notice of English readers of rubbish by one or more of the long list of detective stories enumerated on the title-page of the volume before us.* The book—though it displays a tendency to credulity and exaggeration, a belief in secret conspiracies and the like, common, it would seem, to the writers and

* *Strikes, Communists, Tramps, and Detectives.* By Allan Pinkerton, Author of "The Model Town and the Detectives," "The Mollie Maguire and the Detectives," &c. New York: Carleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

readers of the class of fiction wherein the author has won his reputation—professes to be, and in the main is, an historical account of that great railway strike of last summer which, beginning with a trivial riot at a small town in West Virginia, assumed within a few days the proportions of a formidable insurrection, and within a few days more so completely collapsed that even those who had borne an active part in its suppression were half disposed to ridicule their own alarms. Those chapters in which the author enlarges on the character and number of the vagabond class known as tramps, to whom he attributes an extensive participation in the riots, and yet more those in which the responsibility of all the worst outrages is flung on what he calls the Commune (that is to say, the whole incoherent body of persons holding, or supposed to hold, communistic opinions), are of comparatively little value. It seems at first sight surprising that, in a country where labour is much in request and well paid, vagabondage should be more troublesome than in England; that sturdy beggars should infest Massachusetts and Pennsylvania in the latter half of the nineteenth century as they seem to have infested England in the reign of Elizabeth. Mr. Pinkerton inclines to attribute the number of this class in the Eastern States chiefly to a taste for license and intolerance of regular work, which the conditions of American life may well have fostered, and which would be in fact only an exaggeration of that spirit of daring enterprise which is a striking feature of the national character. We are told that no small proportion of the tramps are men of mental vigour and capacity sufficient to enable them to profit fully by the strange and varied experience of their vagabond career; that they come from all ranks of society, and often revert for a time, if not so often permanently, to a respectable and orderly life. They are encouraged, moreover, by the scattered population and the extensive tracts of uninhabited country, even in the best settled States—conditions which enable them to extort food and money by a kind of silent terrorism which would be impossible in a densely peopled and well-policed country. It may be true that the overthrow of French Socialism in 1871, and the spread of opinions whose sole element of cohesion is their antagonism to existing forms of society, and indeed to all law and order, has brought even among the working classes of America teachers to whose noxious and absurd views temporary distress or democratic envy lends a ready ear. But it seems by no means credible that true Communism had much to do with the outbreak of 1877. The Railway Companies were, for well-understood reasons, deeply unpopular even with the respectable classes. Wages were everywhere falling, employment precarious, prices so high that workmen found it difficult by any exertions to maintain a family according to the American standard of comfort and decency. Trade, again, was so bad that in one branch after another works had to be closed and wages lowered. The railways were by no means the first to adopt this last measure. But prolonged depression, telling upon their traffic and forcing a reduction of all expenditure, compelled them at length to call on their servants to bear a part of the universal burden. Among the great lines of the Northern and Central States, the Baltimore and Ohio was one of the last to cut down the wages of its engineers and train-men; but what had been endured patiently on other lines provoked a bitter revolt on this railway. The first outbreak took place at Martinsburg, and was marked by the same methods of proceeding on the part of the men that characterized the movement everywhere. Though the railway servants generally seem to have been banded in formidable "brotherhoods," the Companies, having had warning of the peril, were prepared to replace the strikers promptly, and of this the strikers were in their turn aware. Peaceful resistance was hopeless, and consequently at Martinsburg, as everywhere else, there was an almost immediate recourse to violence. The strikers refused to allow a single freight train to pass, though in most instances mail and passenger trains were sent through without serious resistance. The local authorities of the county, and of West Virginia, failed signally in their duty, the militia and inhabitants sympathizing at first with the outbreak. But the first appearance of the Federal uniform at Martinsburg suppressed all violence in that quarter. The next outbreaks occurred at Cumberland, a second-rate junction, and at Baltimore, the headquarters of the line. In the latter city two regiments of militia were called out, and came into speedy collision with the fiercest and most resolute mob of which the United States can boast. For some time the rabble were successful, and the militia suffered severely; but Baltimore was too near the headquarters of Federal authority to be long left to itself. It was not until the outbreak spread beyond the line on which it had first broken out, and called into the field the lawless population of the great coal-mining districts of Southern and Eastern Pennsylvania, that the full power and formidable character of the riots became apparent. Pittsburg, which was to that line what Crewe is to the London and North-Western, was the scene of the most violent outrages that signalized the period of anarchy. The local authorities were mostly timid and half-hearted. Governor Hartranft was absent from the State, and the Lieutenant-Governor from the capital, Harrisburg. The militia regiment sent from Philadelphia acted with a promptitude and courage worthy of veteran soldiers; but the two militia regiments of Pittsburg fraternized with the mob, and fired upon their comrades. No class of citizens showed the slightest disposition to resent the destruction of property or the defiance of State law and force, which in a very short time might have given up all the wealth of

Pittsburg to sack and pillage. But the desperate fighting of the first night seemed to have exhausted the energies of the rioters; and in this its very stronghold the insurrection collapsed almost before any efficient steps were taken to suppress it. In three cities of paramount importance, both from their magnitude and their situation—Chicago, Louisville, and St. Louis—the courage and decision of the respectable citizens, and the energy of some of the local authorities, summarily put down disorders which otherwise might have cost the Union dear. Throughout Pennsylvania the rioters, consisting chiefly of the coal-miners and the roughs of large towns, fought desperately and plundered and destroyed recklessly; and it required no small exertion of force and no little slaughter before order was restored and the lines once more opened to traffic.

Among the many men on both sides whom the Civil War brought into prominence, General Bartlett of Massachusetts was by no means one of the most distinguished; but for that very reason his example and the record of his brief career are perhaps the more suggestive. A Democrat and a Southern partisan by political preference, Mr. Bartlett, in common with nearly all Americans, "went with his State," as doubtless he would have done had the Democratic party not broken to pieces in 1860, and had New England rather than the South carried out the threat of Secession. At the age of one-and-twenty, while his class-mates and contemporaries were still carrying on their studies at Harvard, Mr. Bartlett received a lieutenant's commission in the 20th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, and by rapid steps rose to the command of a newly-raised regiment, and afterwards of a brigade. The experience of both armies shows that youth and military experience are not necessarily disqualifications even for high command. Though the best generals on each side, especially the Southern leaders, were trained at West Point, some of the most successful secondary chiefs, Morgan, Mosby, Gilmer, and, we believe, Hampton and Forrest, with Polk, and many other of Lee's and Johnston's most valued lieutenants, first smelt powder in 1861. General Grant himself had but little military training; and, if the Northern civilian generals will seldom bear comparison with their antagonists, their inferiority was due not to the absence of military education so much as to that political corruption which gave commands of the highest importance to men like Banks and Butler, notorious only for their eminence among the unscrupulous wirepullers who could control the patronage of Washington, while the Southern officers were selected almost invariably for qualities proved on the battlefield. General Bartlett had little or no political interest, and owed his rapid elevation to well-proved military desert. Scores of men, no doubt equal to him in all soldierly qualities and in all the abilities which rendered him an excellent commanding officer, rose almost as high to fall and be forgotten before the war was over. Hundreds, if not thousands, of such men perished before they had reached positions in which their capacities could be fully displayed or generally recognized; and the special value of the little biography before us*, with its simply expressed letters from Federal camps and Confederate prisons, and its unostentatious record of subsequent physical suffering and business troubles, lies in its representative character; in the fact that General Bartlett was but one among hundreds dead and living whose life was given, like his, to their cause and their country without other reward or other hope than a soldier's grave or a veteran's scars.

Whatever may be the preferences of individual critics, experience shows which of our two great English poets has achieved the higher popularity at home and abroad—which has for more than two centuries maintained and extended his dominion over the mind of the civilized world. Milton may be the favourite of scholars, and perhaps of poets. Shakspeare has secured that guarantee for immortality which is afforded by multitude of readers, by universality of translation, by that hold on the memory of the world which is proved by the frequency and familiarity of quotations from his verse in the mouths of myriads who do not even know whence the words came. But in the present century one very grave drawback is attached to fame so great as Shakspeare's. The crowd of commentators who have disputed over every doubtful reading and every possible interpretation, and some of whom have found a temporary and parasitic fame in the very perversity that has forced upon the poet meanings of which he never dreamt and allegories remote alike from his knowledge and his taste—though no doubt they have done much to spread his reputation among multitudes who otherwise might never have heard his name—would have found as little favour in his sight as scholiasts and rationalizers would have done in the eyes of Homer and Aeschylus. The author of *Paradise Lost*—perhaps because for the most part he rises above the comprehension of minds to which the simplicity of Shakspeare is, or seems to be, intelligible, and partly perhaps because the nature of his theme is uncongenial to modern ideas—has been left for the most part to interpret himself; to be understood and relished by readers capable of appreciating him, undisturbed by the recollection of misconstructions enforced with all the skill and persistence of professed commentators. But even *Paradise Lost* cannot escape altogether the ingenuity of parasitic literature. Mr. Himes, in his "Studies" upon that poem †, displays perhaps less ingenious

* *Memoir of William Francis Bartlett*. By Francis Winthrop Palfrey. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

† *A Study of Milton's Paradise Lost*. By John A. Himes, Graeff Professor of the English Language and Literature in Pennsylvania College. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1878.

and resolute skill in misconstruction, less determination to force upon his author recondite meanings drawn from the depths of his own consciousness, than the majority of his class. But assuredly there is little or nothing in his scheme of Miltonic interpretation that can add to the pleasure or to the admiration with which a cultivated scholar capable of enjoying the verse of Milton will re-peruse his greatest work. What is true in the commentary is for the most part trite and obvious; what is novel is at least doubtful. Only readers very ill acquainted with one or the other would need to be told that the basis of Milton's narrative is taken almost literally from the Scriptures, or from what parts of Scripture his Creation, his Pandemonium, his Heaven, his angels, good and evil, are derived. Nor will such readers find anything new in Mr. Himes's criticisms (which, to do him justice, hardly lay claim to originality) on what were evidently the poet's chief difficulties, and are the chief failures of the poem—the scenes in which the Almighty and the Messiah are introduced as speakers and actors. As of Shakspeare, so even more truly of Milton, it may be said that those will appreciate the poet best who know him most exclusively by their own study, and are least indebted to the officious help of critics and commentators.

The adventures of an American Consul must often be as perplexing, comical, and unsatisfactory as those described in the volume before us.* The servants of the Federal Government, whether at home or abroad, are seldom so well paid that men of ability and education are likely to covet posts for the sake of the remuneration they afford. If the diplomatic service, which is perhaps of all others the most persistently starved, yet attracts many of the ablest and best educated American citizens, the reason is probably to be sought in the social advantages which to men of moderate independent means and simple habits compensate for the inconvenience of holding offices that must always draw heavily on the private resources of those who fill them. In many parts of the world, consulships, however ill paid, are similarly thought worth having, and are objects of competition to men who might certainly live in greater comfort and earn a far better income at home. We suspect, however, that in many cases where the expenditure of the consulate is far larger than its regular receipts, irregular additions to the nominal remuneration, rather than large outlay from private means, account for the phenomenon which puzzles our author's simplicity. Of course in the East, and in some Mediterranean seaports, the Consul of the United States is a personage second only in importance to the local Governor and the representatives of the Great Powers; and the democratic habits of many American States seem to create a reactionary desire for social distinction which can be gratified by prominence even in an obscure Italian or Asiatic port.

The same Boston publishers who give us the *Adventures of a Consul Abroad* have undertaken the issue of a series of biographies intended to make American children acquainted with the heroes of mediæval adventure and discovery. Vasco da Gama †, the commander of that Portuguese expedition which first made its way round the Cape of Good Hope to India, and laid the foundations of Portuguese trade and empire in the Eastern seas, is not unreasonably selected as the hero of the first of these narratives. If he discovered no unknown country, but only a new route to regions already attained by the Venetians, his adventure was scarcely less daring and much more hazardous than that of Columbus, and his hands were from first to last pure from the treachery and cruelty, the wanton bloodshed and savage greed, which almost invariably characterized the Spanish pioneers in South and Central America.

Of poems we have one volume sure to command attention in right of its author's former fame. *Kéramos*, and the smaller pieces included in this last collection of Mr. Longfellow's recent writings ‡, contain little that comes up to the standard of his earlier productions—little that would have won attention if this had been a first effort. But respect is due to the old age of a veteran, even if its achievements are not equal to those of his youth or mature manhood; and the readers of *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, *The Golden Legend*, and the multitude of minor pieces to which, even more than to these ambitious flights, the poet's special popularity is due, will scarcely be satisfied to leave his last work unread, and will doubtless try to persuade themselves that it does not disappoint their hopes.

Neither Mr. Spencer's *Vikings* § nor the "other poems" which fill up the volume before us are characterized by such force of conception, skill in execution, or sweetness of melody, as in these days are necessary to win for a poet even temporary popularity. They sin in fact against that Horatian canon which has never been more mercilessly enforced than by the generation whose standard Tennyson and Browning, Arnold, Longfellow, and Lowell have fixed higher perhaps than that of any preceding time.

Of the series entitled *Poems of Places* we have now a volume devoted to Russia||, containing a few effective and characteristic

* *Adventures of a Consul Abroad*. By Samuel Sampson, Esq., late United States Consul at Verdecuerno. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

† *Young Folks Series. The Voyages and Adventures of Vasco da Gama*. By George M. Towle. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

‡ *Kéramos; and other Poems*. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

§ *The Viking, Guy, and other Poems*. By Charles Edgar Spencer. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1878.

|| *Poems of Places*. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. Russia. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

translations. It has, however, been found so difficult to fill even a small duodecimo with pieces properly Russian, that the *Charge of the Light Brigade*, a translation from Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and Mr. Southey's *March to Moscow*, with a number of pieces whose connexion with Russia hangs by an equally fragile and scarcely visible thread, are made to fill up the vacant space.

Messrs. Osgood's autobiographic series is enriched by a reprint of the *Memoirs of Gibbon**, and the *Artist Biographies* by a Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds†, compiled from the numerous previous "Lives" in which the career and character of this great English painter and accomplished gentleman have been already described.

The *New York World* has published from time to time some clever parodies of familiar fables, full of truly American humour; and these are now collected in a thin paper-covered pamphlet, which will afford half an hour's hearty amusement to readers old and young.‡

Mr. Dyrsen's translation of Goethe's poems §—or, rather, of some of Goethe's minor pieces—cannot be called successful; since, wherever we remember former renderings of the same pieces, the comparison is decidedly unfavourable to the volume before us.

Two of those guide-books for which American taste for travel and preference of beaten routes creates so large a demand deserve mention. Morford's *Short-trip Guide to Europe*|| supposes that England is the centre and starting-point of all brief visits to Europe, and that, beyond England, Paris and Italy monopolize the chief attractions that Europe can furnish; while his *Going to Paris*¶ reminds us of the quaint saying invented in the brighter Imperial days of the French capital, that "good Americans go to Paris," not only while they live, but "when they die"—the bracing intellectual atmosphere and stirring life of that city realizing the ideal of the educated taste to which the dead level of American society is most repugnant.

Of purely technical works we have several whose importance demands a brief notice. The *Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia*** are even more strictly scientific and more closely technical than those of similar associations; and almost the only paper likely to interest the general reader is a short account of certain sepulchres lately opened in one of the monumental tumuli which form a separate and important division of the vast relics by which alone the present generation knows that the great race of the Mound-builders once existed and dominated a great part of the North American continent. The *Transactions of the International Medical Congress*††, held last year in connexion with the Centennial Festival of Independence at Philadelphia, contain many papers, especially the opening addresses, that seem likely to interest the profession, but few that concern the public. The *Encyclopædia of Materia Medica*‡‡, and a small treatise on testing and working silver ores §§, appeal to an equally scanty class of readers; and the Report of the Chief of the United States Engineer Force|||, now limited to two hundred men, has no general value except as illustrating the extreme and imprudent parsimony of a democratic Government in regard to all those preparations for war which, to be available in war, must be made in time of peace. Lastly, a treatise on one of the most important practical applications of sanitary science, the Drainage and Water Service of Houses and Cities ¶¶, is, we fear, too full and too elaborate in detail to command even that passing attention which at certain times, and generally under the influence of local panic, the public may be induced to give to questions intimately concerning their lives and health.

* *Memoirs of Edward Gibbon, Esq.* With an Essay by W. D. Howells. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

† *Artist Biographies. Sir Joshua Reynolds*. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

‡ *Fables by G. Washington Esop*. With Illustrations by F. S. Church. New York: The "World" Office.

§ *Goethe's Poems*. Translated in the Original Metres by Paul Dyrsen. London: Asher & Co. 1878.

|| *Morford's Short-trip Guide to Europe*, 1878. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. London: Trübner & Co.; and W. H. Smith & Son.

¶ *Going to Paris. Handbook for 1878*. By Henry Morford. New York: C. T. Dillingham. London: Trübner & Co.; and W. H. Smith & Son.

** *Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia*, 1877. Parts I. II. and III. Philadelphia: the Society's Offices. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

†† *Transactions of the International Medical Congress of Philadelphia*, 1876. Philadelphia: printed for the Congress. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

‡‡ *The Encyclopædia of Pure Materia Medica: a Record of the Positive Effects of Drugs upon the Healthy Human Organization*. Edited by T. F. Allen, A.M., M.D. Vol. VII. New York and Philadelphia: Boericke & Tafel. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

§§ *A Practical Treatise on Testing and Working Silver Ores*. By C. H. Aaron. San Francisco: Dewey & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

||| *Annual Report of the Chief of Engineers to the Secretary of War for the year 1877*. Part I. Washington Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

¶¶ *House Drainage and Water Service in Cities, Villages, &c.* By James C. Bayles. New York: D. Williams. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

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from a careful tenant.—Letters only, to A. B., 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

AN unusually LARGE and noble MANSION, delightfully
situated, near Town.—THE LEASE (with or without the Furniture) to be SOLD. The
Mansion, standing in extensive and beautiful grounds, forming a miniature Park, is admirably
adapted as a Residence for a family of the highest distinction, and eminently so as an attractive
Private Hotel and a charming Retreat, or as a College, First-class School, Sanatorium, or other
large Institution.—For cards to view and further particulars, apply to WILKINSON & SON,
Estate Agents and Upholsterers, 8 Old Bond Street, Piccadilly, W.

PRELIMINARY ADVERTISEMENT.

WORCESTERSHIRE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

A VERY VALUABLE and IMPORTANT FREEHOLD and TITHE-FREE
RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, consisting of the Middlehill Estate, and the whole of the
Manors of Buckland and Laverton, with the advowson of the Rectory of Buckland. It
contains in all about 2,753 acres, of which 770 acres are in the Parish of Broadway, County
Worcester, and 2,000 acres in the adjoining Parish of Buckland, County Gloucester, com-
prising that entire Parish, with the exception of the Glebe. Broadway is 90 miles from
London, on the main London and Worcester road, 16 miles from Cheltenham, and six
miles from Evesham on the Great Western and Midland Lines. The Estate is situated in
the midst of an important agricultural and first-rate hunting district, amongst some
of the finest scenery in the Midland Counties, with exceptional facilities for the preservation
of any amount of game. There is an inexhaustible supply of the purest water throughout the
property, which is, however, so situated on the gentle slopes of the Cotswold Hills that any
damage to the lands from floods is impossible. The inside of the Mansion House of
Middlehill, for so many years the depository of the celebrated library of the late Sir
Thomas Phillips, is in a dilapidated state, but the exterior walls are of stone and
are in good condition. The whole is easily susceptible of restoration and improvement,
or the materials would save great expense to any purchaser desirous of rebuilding on any
of the numerous exquisite sites in the locality, the undulating and picturesque grounds
about the house being richly timbered and of a park-like character, with every facility for
the formation of an ornamental lake. The farms are let to highly respectable yearly
tenants, none of whom are subject to the provisions of the Agricultural Holdings Act, and the
present income therefrom is about £4,300 a year; but the rental has been and is
gradually and steadily increasing. In addition to the land producing rental, there are
over 250 acres of pleasure-grounds, woods, coppices, and plantations, in hand.

MESSRS. GLASIER & SONS are instructed to offer the above
ESTATE, FOR SALE BY AUCTION, in one Lot, on Friday, July 19, at the Mart,
Tokenhouse Yard, London.

Particulars, with Plans, are being prepared, and when ready, may be obtained of Messrs.
KISSEY & ADE, Solicitors, 9 Bloomsbury Place, London, W.C.; or of Mr. H. LINAKER, Land
Agent, Frodsham, Preston Brook, Cheshire; at the Mart; and of the Auctioneers, Messrs.
GLASIER & SONS, 41 Charing Cross, London, S.W.

HYDROPATHY.—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill.
Physician.—Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. A health resort for Invalids
and others. Turkish Baths on the premises. Private entrance to Richmond Park. Prospectus
on application.

TOURS to the WEST INDIES, MEXICO, CENTRAL

AMERICA, also to BRAZIL, and RIVER PLATE.
Tickets are issued by the ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY enabling Tourists
to visit, in very moderate cost, the various places touched at by their vessels.
For information as to the Dates of Sailing and Routes, apply to J. M. LLOYD, Secretary, Royal
Mail Steam Packet Company, 18 Moorgate Street, London.

HOTELS.

BRIGHTON.—BEDFORD HOTEL.—Facing Sea and
Esplanade. Near the West Pier. Central and quiet. Long established. Suites of
Rooms. Spacious Coffee-room for Ladies and Gentlemen. Sea-Water Service in the Hotel.
F. O. RICKARDS, Manager.

ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.

SITUATION UNRIVALLED.
CLIMATE EQUABLE and AIR BRACING.
ACCOMMODATION PERFECT.

ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.

EXCELLENT CUISINE and CHOICE WINES.
MODERATE CHARGES.
ACCESSIBLE BY RAIL, STEAMER, or COACH.

Tariff on application to T. W. HUSSEY, Manager, Ilfracombe, North Devon.

NORFOLK HOTEL, BRIGHTON.

This old-established County Family Hotel,
entirely rebuilt in 1865, and more recently enlarged, is replete with every comfort, and in the
best situation in Brighton, between the West Pier and the extensive Lawn Promenade.
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Coffee Room; Reading, Billiards, and Smoking Rooms. Table
d'Hôte, separate tables, at 6.30.
GEORGE D. LEGG, Manager.

NOTICE.—Messrs. BONING & SMALL have OPENED a
PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO at 29 Baker Street, Portman Square, in connexion with
their well-known Establishment at St. Leonards-on-Sea, and invite an inspection of their
various styles of Portraiture.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.—Persons having
any to SELL can apply, or if sent by post their value will be sent per return.—Messrs.
BROWNING, Manufacturing Dentists, 378 Oxford Street, near the Circus (late of Ebury
Street). "The original and only genuine purchasers." Established 100 years.

ORDER everything you require through COCKBURN'S UNITED SERVICE AGENCY SOCIETY, 41 Haymarket, London, S.W., and save from 5 to 50 per cent., and much time and trouble by so doing.

E. DENT & CO., 61 Strand, and 34 and 35 (Within) Royal Exchange, London, Manufacturers of WATCHES, CHRONOMETERS, &c., to Her Majesty.
Makers of the Great Westminster Clock (Big Ben), and of the Standard Clock (the primary Standard timekeeper of the United Kingdom) of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.
Catalogues on application.

WILLIAM S. BURTON,
39 OXFORD STREET, W.

TABLE CUTLERY.		Table Knives.		Dessert Knives.		Carvers.	
	s. d.		s. d.		s. d.		s. d.
34-inch Ivory Handles..... per Dozen	18 -	11 -	11 -	11 -	11 -	11 -	11 -
34 ditto ditto balance.....	20 -	15 -	20 -	15 -	20 -	15 -	20 -
34 ditto ditto ditto.....	25 -	20 -	25 -	20 -	25 -	20 -	25 -
4 ditto ditto ditto.....	25 -	21 -	25 -	21 -	25 -	21 -	25 -
4 ditto fine ditto ditto.....	33 -	24 -	33 -	24 -	33 -	24 -	33 -
4 ditto ditto, extra large.....	36 -	25 -	36 -	25 -	36 -	25 -	36 -
4 ditto ditto, African.....	42 -	35 -	42 -	35 -	42 -	35 -	42 -
4 ditto Silver Fernies.....	42 -	35 -	42 -	35 -	42 -	35 -	42 -
4 ditto Silvered Blades.....	45 -	38 -	45 -	38 -	45 -	38 -	45 -
4 ditto Electro Silvered Handles.....	53 -	19 -	53 -	19 -	53 -	19 -	53 -

WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING
IRONMONGER, by Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a Catalogue, gratis and post paid. It contains upwards of 800 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock, with List of Prices and Plans of the Thirty large Show Rooms, at 39 Oxford Street, W., 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and 1 Newman Yard. Manufactories: 64 Newman Street, and Newman Mews, London, W.

HEAL & SON'S

SOMMIER ÉLASTIQUE PORTATIF

IS THE BEST SPRING MATTRESS YET INVENTED.

HEAL & SON,

BEDSTEAD, BEDDING, and BEDROOM FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS,
195, 196, 197, 198 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.—Catalogue sent free.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE or APARTMENTS
THROUGHOUT on MOEDER'S HIRE SYSTEM. The original, best, and most liberal. Cash Prices; no Extra Charge for time given. Large, useful Stock to select from. Illustrated price Catalogue, with Terms, post free.—248, 249, and 250 Tottenham Court Road, and 19, 20, and 21 Cross Street, W.C. Established 1862.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON'S PRIVATE

COLLECTION OF

BLUE AND WHITE NANKIN PORCELAIN.

This important Collection has been intrusted to

Mr. MARKS, FOR EXHIBITION DURING A LIMITED PERIOD.

On View from Twelve to Five, Saturdays excepted, at

395 OXFORD STREET.

Entrance free on presentation of Card.

THE LITERARY MACHINE (CARTER'S PATENT),
for holding a Book or Writing Desk, Lamp, Pens, &c., in any position over an Easy Chair, Bed, or Sofa, obviating the fatigue and inconvenience of incessant stooping while reading or writing. Invaluable to Invalids and Students. Admirably adapted for India. A most useful gift. Prices from 21s. Drawings sent free.
A. CARTER, 64 New Cavendish Street, Great Portland Street, W.

CLARK'S PATENT STEEL NOISELESS SHUTTERS,
Self-Closing, Fire and Thief Proof, can be adapted to any Window or other Opening. Prospectuses free.—CLARK & CO., Sole Patentees, Rathbone Place, W.; Paris, Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin.

ARTISTIC POTTERY.

Messrs. MORTLOCK'S NEW EXHIBITION ROOM.

Arranged for the display and Classification of Chêfs-d'œuvre and Art Works, in Porcelain and Pottery, selected from the Minton, Worcester, and Wedgwood Ateliers, is

NOW OPEN from Nine to Six.

Entrance, 33 Orchard Street, Portman Square.

The OLD POTTERY GALLERIES, Oxford Street and Orchard Street, London, W.

PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP.

Pure, Fragrant, and Durable.

Used by the Royal Family.

Best for Toilet, Nursery, and Shaving.

PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP.

Recommended in the "Journal of

Cutaneous Medicine," by the Editor,

Mr. ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.

PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP.

For a Healthy Skin and Good Complexion.

Of Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

Wholesale and Retail of

A. & F. PEARS, 91 Great Russell Street, London.

WILLS' BEST BIRD'S EYE.—This Tobacco is now put up in 1 oz. Packets, in addition to other sizes, the label being a reduced facsimile of that used for the 2 oz. Packets. Also in Cigarettes, in Boxes of 10 each, bearing the Name and Trade Mark of

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Bristol and London.

E. LAZENBY & SON'S PICKLES, SAUCES, and CON-

DIMENTS.—E. LAZENBY & SON, Sole Proprietors of the celebrated Receipts, and Manufacturers of the Pickles, Sauces, and Condiments, so long and favourably distinguished by their Name, beg to remind the Public that every article prepared by them is guaranteed as entirely Unadulterated.—25 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square (late 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square), and is Trinity Street, London, E.C.

HARVEY'S SAUCE.—Caution.—The Admirers of this celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each Bottle, prepared by E. LAZENBY & SON, bears the Label used so many years, signed "Elizabeth Lazenby."

IN CONSEQUENCE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS OF

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE,
which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA & PERRINS have adopted a NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, "LEA & PERRINS," which Signature is placed on every Bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is Genuine. Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester; Grosse & Blackwell, London; and Export-Oilmen generally. Retail by Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.

"PRIZE MEDAL" WHISKY of the CORK DISTIL-

LERIES COMPANY, Limited. Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, 1876. Jurors' Award:

"VERY FINE, FULL FLAVOR, and GOOD SPIRIT."
This fine Old Irish Whisky may be had of the principal Wine and Spirit Dealers, and is supplied to Wholesale Merchants, in casks and cases, by

THE CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY, Limited,
Morrison's Island, Cork.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.

The Cream of Old Irish Whiskies. Pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. Dr. HANSALL says:

"The Whisky is soft, mellow and pure, well matured, and of very excellent quality."

30 Great Titchfield Street, W.

LIFE ASSURANCES, &c.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE

(Incorporated by Royal Charter, A.D. 1790.)

For FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES.

HEAD OFFICE—7 ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.

WEST-END AGENTS—Messrs. GRINDLAY & CO., 55 Parliament Street, S.W.

Governor—EDWARD BUDD, Esq. | Sub-Governor—MARK WILKS COLLET, Esq.

Deputy-Governor—WILLIAM RENNIE, Esq.

Directors.

Hugh Gough Arbuthnot, Esq.
Robert Burn Blyth, Esq.
William Thomas Brand, Esq.
Major-General H. P. Burn.
George William Campbell, Esq.
George B. Dewhurst, Esq.
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Captain R. W. Felly, R.N.
David Fowell, Esq.
P. F. Robertson, Esq.
Robert Ryrie, Esq.
David F. Sellar, Esq.
Colonel Leopold Seymour.
Lewis A. Wallace, Esq.
William B. Watson, Esq.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Fifteen days of grace allowed for renewal of Midsummer Policies will expire on July 9.

The Directors invite applications for Agencies for the Fire and Life Departments. Prospectuses, copies of the Fire, Life, and Marine Accounts, and all other information can be had on application.

JOHN P. LAURENCE, Secretary.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

(Established by Royal Charter, A.D. 1790.)

FOR SEA, FIRE, LIFE, AND ANNUITIES.

OFFICES—ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON; BRANCH OFFICE—39 FALM MALL, S.W.

The Accumulated Funds exceed £3,000,000.

JAMES STEWART HODGSON, Esq., Governor.

CHARLES JOHN MANNING, Esq., Sub-Governor.

FRANCIS ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Esq., Deputy-Governor.

Directors.

Robert Barclay, Esq.
John Garratt Catlett, Esq.
Mark Currie Close, Esq.
Edward James Daniell, Esq.
William Davidson, Esq.
Alexander Bruce, Esq.
Fredk. Joseph Edimann, Esq.
Charles Hermann Goehen, Esq.
Charles Ernest Green, Esq.
Charles Seymour Grenfell, Esq.
Robert Amadeus Heath, Esq.
Edmond Holland, Esq.

Egerton Hubbard, Esq., M.P.
William Knowles, Esq.
Neville Lubbock, Esq.
George Forbes Malcolmson, Esq.
Daniel Meinertzhagen, Esq.
William Robert Moberly, Esq.
Lord Joceline Wm. Percy.
Sir John Rose, Bart.
Samuel Leo Schuster, Esq.
Eric Carrington Smith, Esq.
Montagu Cleugh Wilkinson, Esq.
Charles Baring Young, Esq.

NOTICE.—The usual Fifteen Days allowed for payment of FIRE PREMIUMS falling due at Midsummer will expire on July 9.

FIRE ASSURANCES on liberal terms.

LIFE ASSURANCES with or without participation in Profits.

LOANS are granted on security of LIFE INTERESTS in connexion with Policies of Assurance.

A large participation in Profits, with the guarantee of the invested Capital Stock, and exemption, under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of partnership.

All real improvements in modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of more than a Century and a half.

The Corporation are open to consider applications for Agencies.

A Prospectus, Table of Bonus, and Balance Sheet will be forwarded on application.

Royal Exchange, London.

E. R. HANDCOCK, Secretary.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE OFFICE'

Royal Exchange, London, June 19, 1878.

The Court of Directors of the Corporation of the ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE do hereby give Notice, that a GENERAL COURT of the said Corporation will be held at their Office at the Royal Exchange, on Wednesday, the 26th of June instant, for determining by Ballot the following question, proposed and agreed to at a General Court held this day:—

"That a Dividend be made of Sixteen Pounds per cent. on the Capital Stock of the Corporation, for the Half-year ending at Midsummer 1878."

The said Ballot will commence at One o'clock, and close at Two o'clock in the afternoon precisely.

E. R. HANDCOCK, Secretary.

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY,

FOR FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

HEAD OFFICES—ABERDEEN: 3 KING STREET. LONDON: 1 MOORGATE STREET.

The Forty-second Annual General Meeting of this Company was held within their House at Aberdeen, on Friday, June 14, 1878, when the Directors' Report was adopted, and a Dividend of 2s., together with a Bonus of 1s. 6d. per Share, free of income-tax, were declared, making, with the amount already paid, a total distribution of 3s. 6d. per Share in respect of the year 1877.

The following are extracts from the Report submitted:

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Premiums received during the year 1877, after deduction of re-assurances, amounted to £40,718 6s. 6d., being only a fractional increase upon the revenue of the year 1876, the natural growth of the Company's business as a whole having been counterbalanced by certain reductions affecting a particular section only, which were of an entirely exceptional character.

The Losses (including £48,662 10s. 10d.) through the fire of June 21, which destroyed the greater part of the business portion of the town of St. John (New Brunswick), amounted to £241,576 10s. 8d., or 56·84 per cent. of the Premiums received, making the average of the Company's whole experience since its establishment 59·17 per cent.

The Expenses of Management (including commission to agents, taxes paid to Foreign Governments—now a considerable item in the accounts of a Fire Office doing business abroad—and charges of every kind), were 39·37 per cent., an increase which the Directors greatly regret, but for which, for the reasons referred to last year, they do not at present see any remedy.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

New Business.—The new assurances granted during the year reached in the aggregate the sum of £283,510, upon which the Premiums amounted to £15,164 7s. 11d., whereof £267 10s. 1d. were single and £12,496 17s. 10d. Annual Premiums.

The total income of the year (including interest) was £267,768 6s. 3d.

The Claims amounted to £32,965 17s. 2d., of which £4,679 4s. 3d. was for Endowments payable during life.

The Expenses of Management (including commission) were limited to 10 per cent. upon the Premiums received.

Annuity Branch.—The sum of £3,945 6s. 3d. was received for Annuities granted during the year, and the fund of this section of the Life Department now stands at £26,499 15s. 8d.

The whole Funds of this Department now amount to £1,331,425 10s. 7d.

London Board of Directors.

Chairman—Sir WILLIAM MILLER, Bart.

Deputy-Chairman—DUNCAN JAMES KAY, Esq.

Right Hon. W. P. Adam, M.P.

Colonel Robert Baring.

Ernest Chaplin, Esq.

Philip Currie, Esq.

George John Fenwick, Esq.

William Egerton Hubbard, Jun., Esq.

Henry James Lubbock, Esq.

William Munro Ross, Esq.

John Stewart, Esq.

William Walkinshaw, Esq.

FIRE DEPARTMENT—E. H. MANNERING, Manager.

LIFE DEPARTMENT—JAMES VALENTINE, Actuary.

General Manager—A. P. FLETCHER.

Copies of the Report, with the whole Accounts of the Company for the year 1877, may be obtained from any of the Companies' Offices or Agencies.

ENGLISH and SCOTTISH LAW LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION, 12 WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.

(ESTABLISHED 1828.)

Premium Income £129,616

Invested Funds 963,114

Profits divided every Five Years 963,114

Bonus additions, 21 10s. per cent. per annum.

Loans granted in connection with Life Assurance, on Life Interests, Reversions, and other Approved Securities.

J. HILL WILLIAMS, Actuary and Secretary.

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE, LIFE, and ANNUITIES.	
1 DALE STREET, LIVERPOOL; CORNHILL, LONDON.	
Total Invested Funds.....	£5,814,367
Fire Premiums, 1877	£1,062,465
Life do. do.	235,340
Interest on Investments	249,906

Total Annual Income, £1,537,711
Under the New Series of Life Policies the Assured are entitled to Four-Fifths of the Profits of the Participating Class. Non-Bonus Policies at moderate rates. Fire Insurances upon equitable terms. For the Prospectus and last Report of the Directors, apply as above, or to any of the Agents of the Company.

* * * Fire Renewal Premiums falling due at Midsummer should be paid within Fifteen days therefrom.

GENERAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1837.
CAPITAL.....£1,000,000.
CHIEF OFFICE—62 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.
BRANCHES—West End, Bedford, Belfast, Birmingham, Bradford, Bristol, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, Luton, Manchester, Worcester, York.

RESULTS OF 1877.	
New Life Assurances	£152,846
New Life Premiums	14,541
Total Life Premiums for the Year	106,196
Total Income—Life, Fire, and Interest	153,017
Added to Funds in Five Years	188,310
Assets on December 31, 1877	612,106

GEORGE SCOTT FREEMAN, Secretary.

HAND-IN-HAND FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE,

NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.
Instituted 1696.
The OLDEST Insurance Office in the World.
The WHOLE OF THE PROFITS are divided among the Policy-holders.
Applications for Agencies are invited from persons of influence.

NORTHERN FIRE and LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1836.
OFFICE IN LONDON.....1 MOORGATE STREET.
Accumulated Funds (December 31, 1877).....£2,215,000.
Insurances effected in all parts of the World.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

FLEET STREET, LONDON.
Invested assets on December 31, 1877.....£5,476,045
Income for the year 1877.....484,597
Amount paid on death to December last.....11,388,820
Aggregate Reversionary Bonuses hitherto allotted.....5,923,138

The Expenses of Management (including Commission) are about 4½ per cent. on the Annual Income.

Attention is specially directed to the revised Prospectus of the Society; to the new rates of premium adopted, which are materially lower for young lives than heretofore; to the new conditions as to extended limits of free travel and residence; and to the reduced rates of extra premium.

Prospectus and Forms of Proposal will be sent on application.

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE,

LOMBARD STREET AND CHARING CROSS, LONDON.—ESTABLISHED 1782.
Prompt and liberal Loss Settlements.
Insurances effected in all parts of the World.
JOHN J. BROOMFIELD, Secretary.

PARIS EXHIBITION.—Special arrangements for Visitors to the Exhibition have been made by the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY, for providing against Accidents by Railway or Steamboat during the Journey to Paris and back.

A Premium of One Shilling Insures £1,000 if Killed, or £5 per week if laid up by Injury during the Double Journey.

Policies against Accidents of all kinds may also be effected for One, Three, or Twelve Months, on moderate terms.

Apply at the Booking Offices of the Southern Railways, or at the

HEAD OFFICE: 64 CORNHILL, LONDON.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.
BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.
Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.
Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:
At 5 per cent. per ann., subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.
For shorter periods Deposits will be received on terms to be agreed upon.
Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge, and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.
Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.
Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.
Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.
J. THOMSON, Chairman.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL—PRIZE MEDAL.
"A most delicious and valuable article."—Standard.
"The Caracas Cocoa of such choice quality."—Food, Water, and Air, Edited by Dr. HASSALL.
TENTH INTERNATIONAL MEDAL awarded to J. S. FRY & SONS.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.

ELLIS'S PURE AERATED RUTHIN WATERS.
ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—Crystal Springs. "Absolutely Pure."—See Analyses, sent free on application.
ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—Soda, Potass, Seltzer, Lemonade, and also Water without Alkali.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—For Gout, Lithia Water, and Lithia and Potass Water.
ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—Crystal Springs. Corks branded "R. Ellis & Son, Ruthin." Every label bears Trade Mark.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—Sold everywhere. Wholesale—R. ELLIS & SON, Ruthin, North Wales. London Agents—W. BEST & SONS, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.—The best remedy for Acidity

of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.—The safest and most gentle

aperient for Delicate Constitutions, Ladies, Children, and Infants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

HAY FEVER.—ANTHOXANTHUM, administered as spray,

allays all the symptoms of this distressing affection. 2s. 6d. per Bottle; free by post for 25 Stamps. Spray Producer, 5s.; free by post for 65 Stamps.

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, 170 Piccadilly, and 46 Threadneedle Street.

CURE OF HAY FEVER.—SUMMER CATARRH, by DR.

LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WATERS.—From Mr. BROWN, 100 Hockley Hill, Birmingham: "One person suffered from Hay Fever—Summer Catarrh—took the Waters, and found almost immediate relief."—Is. 1½d. per Box.

FLIES IN DOGS.**NALDIRES TABLET**

(the Prime Medial Dog Soap) instantly destroys Insects, cleanses the Skin, and improves the Coat. Price 1s.—Of all Chemists and Perfumers.

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BOOTH'S, CHURCHILL'S, HODGSON'S, and SAUNDERS & OTLEY'S United Libraries, 307 Regent Street, near the Polytechnic.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.—The following NUMBERS

of THE SATURDAY REVIEW are required, for which 6d. each will be given, viz.: 74, 75, 76, 81, 88, 91, and 192 (clean copies)—at the Office, 36 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

COLONEL MALLESSE ON THE NATIVE STATES OF INDIA.

In One Volume, 16s. 8vo. with Six Maps, price 15s.

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